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JULY 1968

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World News in Pictures

Manchester City's first defeat after winning the Football League crown came in Atlanta, USA. They were beaten 3–2 by the Atlanta Chiefs. In our picture Emment Kapengwe races away from Tony Coleman, who looks as though he is about to attempt a backward somersault. (UPI)

Manchester United are taking no chances with the European Cup—and who can blame them? Pictured are London security officers escorting the magnificent trophy to Euston on its way to Manchester and Old Trafford. (UPI)

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

World Soccer

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JACK ROLLIN

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FRONT COVER PICTURE

Fleury Di Nallo the diminutive Lyons forward and French international is featured this month. (Met)

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"TRUTH IS NOW NO MORE"

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP

ROGER MACDONALD

JUSTICE is fled and truth is now no more. How appropriate are Virgil's words of two thousand years ago, a mere twinkling of an eye in Rome, for ever a city of shameless chauvinism and idolatry. Yet even their citizens must have blinked a little here in the Olympic Stadium, as the firecrackers shot high above the cyclone of sound, silhouetting the ecstatic audience and the swaying trees behind the goal, impassive at the unfairness of it all. For Italy, probably the worst of the four teams left in the climax of the European Championship, have stolen the Cup: first, by calling correctly when a referee spun a coin in the subterranean chambers beneath Naples' San Paolo stadium, after a fruitless stalemate with Russia; then, by beating Yugoslavia 2-0 in a replay, after the Slavs had dominated the original final and led, deservedly, until six minutes from the end.

Ignoring, for the moment, what Italy did to win in this supreme hang-over from Saturday to Monday, let us recall how close they were to defeat in front of a despondent crowd — satiated to silence, perhaps, by almost five solid hours of football. After England had defeated the indifferent Russians, to show that the Florentine defeat was all a horrid mistake, Yugoslavia came out to give Italy a lesson in dribbling and passing. Without Osim, whose touchline limp became suddenly more pronounced in response to my polite enquiry as to his fitness, they created perhaps ten clear chances in the Italian defence. If this was *catenaccio*, I thought, then the Yugoslavs have stolen the key.

Yet that underlying Yugoslav weakness, the failure to finish, again cost them dear. Even their goal became a desperate stab by Dzajic past congealing defenders, when the ball had dropped at his feet a few yards out; fiddling while Romans burned. Yet with Dzajic, further out, leaving the Italian defence like tangled knitting by sinuous, indiarubber touch football; and Musemic gliding into the open spaces, the dam seemed ready to burst.

Yet it held, thanks to Zolt's frenzied acrobatics and the strange calculations of fate. So often a Yugoslav arrived inches and moments after the ball had skipped mischievously across an open goal. Italy were ineffectively energetic, Lodetti playing in place of Rivera, a casualty from the two-hour battle with the Russians, and conspicuous by his absence. Their survival was at best problematic, with Dzajic making chance after chance, and Pavlovic flattened outrageously by Ferrini. In Rome, of course, no referee could reasonably be expected to give a penalty.

Then it happened: Italy escaped another goal by a hair's breadth, took the ball hopefully upfield, and won a free-kick — central, but at least 25 yards out. Domenghini, who had already shown his contempt for Yugoslavia's defensive alignment by hitting the angle of post and bar, took a run up like Freddie Trueman. The ball travelled at what seemed several hundred miles an hour towards the wall of defenders, one of them momentarily flinched, and it was through the gap, leaving Pantelic jumping about on his line in blind fury. It was a superb shot, but no goal should be scored like that; and neither side had much left to offer in extra time.

Yugoslavia made only one change for the replay, and that forced by injury, for Petkovic had been hurt in a tackle by Facchetti. His perception and character, remarkable for a player of such limited international experience, were badly missed. Osim still claimed he was unfit, but by now, even his own colleagues thought he should have been showing some improvement.

Italy, on the other hand, made five changes — on the basis that any performance by the defence must be an improvement, and that Mazzola could scarcely play as badly as he had in Naples. In the event he had a brilliant match, and got his name chanted by the crowd — only about 50,000 because the prices were too high for the enthusiast, the prospects too low for the patriot.

The Yugoslavs were tired physically and mentally demoralised — they had tasted the drug of success and showed all the languid symptoms of withdrawal. Italy discovered, to their surprise and delight, huge unattended spaces in which their little spurts and flashes of footwork could be given free rein. Fazlagic, the all-purpose defender, showed the same energy, but he had to spend so much time upfield exhorting his forwards that the defence cracked at the foundations.

Only Pantelic, on this display the best goalkeeper in Europe, prevented a rout. His save from Riva's lightning shot on the turn after 11 minutes was superb; his dive to foil De Sisti, then, through the air to turn aside Riva's point-blank header, were truly inspired.

But Italy would not be denied. First Domenghini, whose form turned the tournament for the *Azzurri*, ran down the right and passed perfectly to the unmarked Riva; no chance of a save this time. Then, on the half-hour Anastasi, who had already contrived to miss awfully for the second match in succession, at last hit a shot properly on the turn to recall last season's marksmanship; again the pass came from Domenghini.

The game was over. In chess, Yugoslavia would have resigned; and it became almost a chess match, with plenty of thought but no physical exertion. I wondered what these flagging players would do during an Easter programme in England, so unfit and incompetent they looked in the second half. But, like the ostrich with his head in the sand, most of the British journalists were not even here to be smug about that.

On paper, I was correct in predicting last month the revival of Italy and Yugoslavia, in as much as they disputed the final; and in suggesting that home advantage could well be enough to ensure an Italian victory. But it was achieved so fortuitously that I blush at my accuracy.

Italy's team looked, at best, mediocre. Their defence was torn to pieces by Yugoslavia in the first final: I have never seen players with the long experience of Burgnich, shamelessly physical, Guarneri and Facchetti, look so helpless and inept. The midfield link, especially when Rivera was injured, proved frail and spasmodic. Ferrini is essentially a destructive player, who came forward with the timidity of someone who fears he is walking on a minefield.

The attack, formidable on paper, had scored just one goal by Saturday night; a free-kick from Domenghini. Juliano drifted aimlessly in midfield; Anastasi looked the raw international he is (and bearing the absurd burden of a £394,000 fee that Juventus gave Varese for him); even Prati lost his head in vital moments. A little cooler, and he must have scored against Russia in Naples after a wonderful run, instead of missing by a yard. It was left to Domenghini to show what shooting was all about. He hit Psenitchnikov's post near the end with no space and nothing to aim at; a superb effort. Italy may be European Champions, but like Spain before them, they own an unreal title.

As for Yugoslavia, luckless in the end, they deserve scant sympathy after their callousness in the semi-final. Again, I was correct in emphasising their high morale, and that "their new team is capable of beating anybody". Especially as Osim, unfairly tackled by Hunter, decided that the only attitude to injury was to succumb to it.

With Osim at his peak, Yugoslavia add organisation to talent: the skills of Dzajic, a breathtaking winger who in dribbling, at least, is the equal of George Best; the thrust and anticipation of Pavlovic; the smooth skills of Musemic at centre-forward. Mitic gambled heavily on the young players at home in place of the greedy stars abroad; a gamble that may bear fruit during the World Cup, given a run of

TOP: England's first goal against Russia. Bobby Charlton swoops onto Geoff Hurst's short pass and hammers a left foot shot sweetly home. BOTTOM: Hurst again, this time scoring himself with goalkeeper Psenitchnikov helpless. (UPI)

tolerant referees. The Russians must feel particularly disappointed, coming within the toss of that now famous French coin of putting out the eventual champions. They had the better of the semi-final in Naples, where Zolt played an outstanding game in goal for Italy; though it might soberly be said that the bad tackle which put Rivera off the field for a time made them look stronger than they were.

At any rate, Byshovets has emerged as a formidable companion for Banishevsky — a brilliant ball player, with an immaculate sense of timing plus the drive and determination to go in for a shot. The Italians thought he was too timid against them, staying out of the penalty area. Byshovets candidly agreed. "I wasn't turning my back on their defenders," he said. "I'd seen enough of football in Italy to know that was one way of getting killed. I reckoned I wouldn't be much good to our team kicked to death, so I kept out of trouble. Against England, it was different. There was less at stake, less tension, and in any case the English play fair — hard, but fair. I saw the game at Wembley, when we drew 2-2; hardly a foul. There's never any trouble when our teams meet."

Russia, it seemed, were reluctant to compete for third place at all: they gave little impression of demonic determination to avoid defeat. Their team certainly did not play as well as at Wembley, undoubtedly missing Voronin, Khurtsilava and Chislenko. Voronin, sad to say, has been so seriously hurt in a car crash that he may not walk again, let alone play football; both Khurtsilava and Chislenko were injured in an Olympic Games qualifying tie against Czechoslovakia.

England's failure, above all, was one of tactics and team selection. Having supported Ramsey through thick and thin before and during the World Cup, I feel I can lay blame on him now where praise was due before. The team he chose, however well it may have done when desperate circumstances in Spain required some desperate improvisation, was struggling against Yugoslavia under a self-imposed handicap.

In particular, the choice of Hunter is indefensible. Whatever Hunter's virtues in terms of stamina and endeavour, at international level they are overshadowed by his vices. His tackling is extremely hard, and lacks discrimination; although it never exceeds a physical limit which he himself is prepared to endure, most players cannot reach this level of endurance. No tackle should be so hard, so ruthless that the slightest error in timing or direction brings risk of serious injury; and even a player who has been fairly tackled does not like to be left with the impression of having stood in the path of a runaway steer.

Admittedly the alternative, Hurst, a supreme striker in the World Cup, had had an indifferent season: the victim, without doubt, of excessively rough play in the Football League. "No one," as Hurst said to me a few months back, "goes out to play relishing the thought of being kicked on the cuts and bruises left from last time." Hurst did not stir the senses in Hanover, against the West Germans; but he is a different player alongside Hunt and Charlton, as we saw in the third place match against Russia.

It was unfair, in the circumstances, to inflict the suicidal striking role on Alan Ball, whose size, for a start, would never intimidate a defender into playing correctly.

Ball showed me his right foot, bruised and bandaged where Trivic had beaten a tattoo on it. "He started in the second minute, when the ball was about two yards away, and walked away grinning. Then he kicked it again later, and I could feel it all through the match. I refused to take my boot off at half-time because I was sure I'd never get it on again. I've never played in a game like that where they were really out to get us. Honestly, if I'd been watching at home I might have got frightened and switched off."

The trouble, then, had started on both sides within four minutes — the time it took Trivic to kick Ball and Hunter to kick Osim. The only difference, morally, between the two sides was that most of Yugoslavia's fouls (except those on Ball) were noted for their slyness, their cunning. England were about as subtle as someone throwing a brick through a big glass window — a brick Mullery was caught holding near the end. And their fouls were exaggerated incredibly by the Slavs' martyrology — indeed, so many actors died a hero's death that it looked more like an audition for Hamlet or Othello.

But as I have said before, there is no point in blowing hot and cold according to England's results, rather than their performances. England did not play especially badly against Yugoslavia: given a little luck in the penalty area, and a little more ball control from Hunt, they might even have won. Yet, had they done so, one suspects it would have been a product of superior stamina, not superior skill. One of the Yugoslav journalists, Slovan Boskov, said as much. "Ignoring all the bad fouls," he began, waving his hands to halt my instinctive interruption, "we won because we made the ball work. All right, your team never stopped running, and they made chances by effort alone. But in that atmosphere, they could not quite run hard enough."

Even allowing for its excessive reinforcement, England's defence was beyond criticism, conceding but two goals in the three matches on tour. Moore, rising once again to the occasion, played magnificently throughout; and Wilson, so cool in a crisis, was full of the deft touches and sparkling decision that once characterised the great Djalma Santos of Brazil. In the two Euro-

● Continued on page 21

Important friendlies

A MIXED bag of matches—Olympic and World Cup Qualifying, friendlies, and one-and-a-half quarter-finals for the European Football Championship! Overwhelmingly the important matches were those in the European Championship — both legs of the tie between Hungary and the Soviet Union, and the second leg between Spain and England. But, apart from the link between many of the friendlies and the European Championship, the friendly encounters should not be entirely overlooked.

There was, for instance, items of football history about both matches in which Austria were engaged — the later competitive one because it marked the beginning of the long drawn-out qualifying competition that will end in 1970 with 14 national associations joining England (the holders) and Mexico (the hosts) for the World Championship tournament; the earlier friendly match against Rumania because this was the first time that Austria had played a Full International at home other than in the capital city, Vienna. This match was played in Linz and 20,000 provincials saw the home country snatch an equaliser, through Siber, six minutes from time. The fixture was not, in all honesty, one that could have been expected to stir up much enthusiasm and it is possibly a bit late now, in these days of speedy transportation, for the Austrians to disperse their International matches.

What is remarkable about the previous fixation with Vienna as the venue, is that the Austrians are not relatively newcomers to International football but come next in seniority only to the British associations. (The first Full International between two non-British national sides took place in Vienna in 1902 between Austria and Hungary.)

The match at Linz was but one of the now familiar round of May Day matches at "A", "B", "Under-23", Youth and all other levels. I ended last month's post-mortem anticipating that the Poles after their runaway victory over Turkey (8-0) late in April, might carry on in the same joyous mood against the Dutch when they played in Warsaw. But this was a meeting of two of the most unpredictable of national sides at the moment. The Dutch, with no less than five newcomers to the Full International side—'keeper Jan Van Beveren, Piet Romeijn, Henk Warnas, Henk Wery and Theo Pahlplatz, had that fine win over the Soviet Union at the end of last November but then, in their next match four months later against Belgium at home in Amsterdam, and with almost the same players on duty, they were beaten by the odd goal in three.

Poland's in-and-out form has been noticeable for the past three or four years at least so perhaps, on reflection, there was little reason for surprise when the score came through from Warsaw—a goalless encounter. No surprise but disappointment with goalscorers like Lubanski, Faber and Zmijewski in the Polish line-up and Johan Cruiff joining Jan Klijnjan in the Netherlands' attack.

Both countries have drawn subsequent matches—the Poles in Dublin against the Republic of Ireland. Many a good national side has lost in Dublin and Poland came near enough to winning—Alfie Hale (who had come on as substitute 20 minutes from time) only scored Ireland's equaliser in the closing minutes —to feel reasonably content. The Republic of Ireland, with the Ipswich back Tommy Carroll making a first appearance in a Full International, gave their usual mixture of occasional individual skill, inevitably hastily improvised collective play, and, above all, ceaseless endeavour and determination. They, too, without regaining the glorious heights of their European Championship victory over the Czechs, could be content—but not the Scots nor the home side, Holland, nor—it seems—the 20,000 spectators, were content with the goalless encounter in Amsterdam.

Scotland, with Celtic on tour in America, were bound to be below full-strength but their original selected squad of 16 players was a clear indication that the national team manager, Bobby Brown, was hoping to run the rule over several likely lads with thoughts of the qualifying competition for the 1970 World Cup very much in his mind. Unfortunately withdrawals for injury, personal reasons and club priorities left him with so few players that when Jimmy Smith of Aberdeen came on for the injured Bobby Hope, only the reserve 'keeper, Jim Herriot of Birmingham, was available to come on, if needed, to take over from any other injured outfield player!

Herriot was not in fact needed as substitute but as the game in its closing stages turned sourly from dull triviality to petulance and Charlie Cooke, immediately after being booked by the West German referee for a foul on Romeijn, brought down Klijnjan, it seemed possible that the Scots might have ended the match with a penalised ten men!

NUCLEUS

With quite a strong nucleus of experienced players in their line-up—Ron McKinnon, Eddie McCreadie, John Greig, Willie Henderson, Charlie Cooke, for examples, plus young "Anglos" like Doug Fraser, Bobby Hope and Bob Moncur, the Scots should have showed up better than they did, and particularly when the Dutch, after having decided to introduce two newcomers to their attack, Wim Hanegem (Xerxes/DHC) and Rob Rensenbrink (DWS), had to accept the late withdrawal through injury of Johan Cruiff and had a very inexperienced front row of four.

Injuries have been playing havoc with many national team selections — and particularly it seems British teams. Some may veer towards the "diplomatic" injury caused by the tiredness of players at the end of a long season, the attractiveness of a

The month's games

April 27:	Czechoslovakia 3 Yugoslavia 0		Bratislava
May 1:	Austria 1 Rumania 1		Linz
,, 1:	Poland 0 Netherlands 0		Warsaw
,, 2:	Sweden 1 Spain 1		Malmo
,, 4:	Hungary 2 USSR 0		Budapest (EFC)
,, 8:	Spain 1 England 2		Madrid (EFC)
,, 8:	Wales 1 West Germany 1		Cardiff
,, 11:	USSR 3 Hungary 0		Moscow (EFC)
,, 15:	Rep. of Ireland 2 Poland 2		Dublin
,, 19:	Austria 7 Cyprus 1		Vienna (WC Qual)
,, 21:	USSR 3 Czechoslovakia 2		Moscow (OG Qual)
,, 22:	England 3 Sweden 1		Wembley

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INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

club tour they would otherwise miss, or pressure from wives and families! But although this can happen when friendly matches are involved, it does not explain the way in which England's "22" nominated for the important European Football Championship last stage matches withered away.

STAGED

Next year sees the first British Home Tournament staged over a short period at the end of the season. It has been hailed as a wonderful innovation—to an extent that makes it wholly incomprehensible that it was never introduced before! — with, amongst its other virtues, the likelihood of the junior partners, Wales and N. Ireland, being able to field full-strength sides as, it has been suggested, they seldom can on Saturdays in mid-season. Let us hope that there are many fewer end of season injuries next year than there have been this season—but it would be suicidal to *hope* that all British interest in the European club competitions had ended before the Finals that will be played around the time of the Tournament!

The somewhat weary players of the England club are gathering for the final stages of the European Championship as the period under review comes to its end. They are there by virtue of the victory over Spain in Madrid that adequately emphasised the special qualities that have made England the World Champions and that have enabled the team to maintain a high percentage of success despite the need for constant changes. The individual ability, the collective strength and, perhaps above all, the character, control and courage of every player called upon, won the day against Spain when all the advantages seemed to be with the home side in Madrid.

The character of players, and of their team (in England's case owing much to Sir Alf Ramsey's guidance off the field and to Bobby Moore's leadership on the field — surely the greatest captain ever of a national side?) always seems to me more important than many people (managers, scribes, fans alike) accept, and defeats like that of the Czechs against the Republic of Ireland in the qualifying competition and, more recently, Hungary's defeat in Moscow in the quarter-final, must be explained as much by character as by playing deficiencies.

In the first match in Budapest, the Hungarians were without Albert and Bene but a middle of the first-half goal by Farkas and a late one scored by Gorocs gave them a two-nil victory.

In Budapest:

Hungary (4.3.3): Fater; Novak, Meszoly, Solymosi, Ihasz; Fazekas, Gorocs, Szucs; Varga, Farkas, Rakosi.

Soviet Union: Kavazashvili; Istomine, Chesternev, Khurtsilava, Anichkine; Kaplicznij, Voronin, Malafeyev; Chislenko, Streltzov, Banichevski.

In Moscow, one week later, the Hungarians had Tamasz in goal for Fater, and they had Florian Albert passed as being fit if, it seemed, more reluctant than eager. Imre Komora also came into the side and out went Fazekas and Gorocs, about whose value or otherwise to the national team there remains today the same extremes of opinion (very good and indispensable to unreliable and better without him) that were first expressed when he made his mark with the 1960 Olympics team.

Rakosi, amongst the most consistent of Hungarian players, dropped back to a mid-field role with Komora and Szucs with the brilliant (on paper) front trio of Varga, Albert and Farkas. It was a trio that went goalless against a Soviet team that had the Tashkent 'keeper, Juri Psenitchnikov (so brilliant a performer against England at Wembley last December) replacing Kavazashvili, Afonin for Istomine, Bishovets for Streltzov and Evrijikhine for Malafeyev—with the latter change allowing the team to play more to a 4-2-4 than to a 4-3-3 formation (neither convenient but loose description should ever be rigid of course).

EQUIPPED

The Soviet, two goals in arrears, had every reason to play an attacking game but, whilst appreciating that the Hungarians are amongst the least equipped to play a patient defence game for 90 effective minutes, it seemed always likely that a further Hungarian goal, perhaps even a couple, would make the Soviet task virtually impossible. The Russian defence, however, is very good and very experienced and the three goals came along to gain them their place in the European semi-finals—Solymosi an own goal in the first half, Khurtsilava almost exactly on the hour and Bishovets 17 minutes from time.

Ten days later the same Soviet eleven (but with Levchenko coming on as substitute for Afonin) left it much later before they scrambled an odd goal in five win over the Czechs in the first leg of their final qualifying match for a place in the Olympics in Mexico. The one goal advantage may not be enough to give what is the Soviet's strongest eleven experience in Mexico before the bigger happening in 1970.

Hungary, of course, have their place in the Olympics as the holders and they have been steadily grooming two distinct squads with the most successful due to make the trip. A gold medal or at least a ranking amongst the medallists is badly needed to revive football interest in Hungary that has slumped to rock-bottom since the Moscow defeat.

Spain's Santos (6) appears to kick Kurt Axelsson of Sweden in the back after missing the ball during the friendly between the two teams in Malmo. (UPI)

Defeat in itself is no measure of disaster but symptoms of inherent weakness have been exposed

by **STUART SHAW**

LESS than two years after England's World Cup triumph the crown, once worn with confidence, is in danger of slipping. Fortunately, time is on the side of Sir Alf Ramsey and his cohorts to restore the regal supremacy with which England swept to victory in 1966.

There is no qualification necessary for the Mexico affair in 1970, still two years away, but England's greatest test since '66 in the recent European Championship found them wanting.

Defeat by Yugoslavia by a single goal, scored late in the game, and too late for recovery, was not in itself significant. The game was even and might easily have gone into extra time and thus afforded England a greater opportunity for final success. The reason for this I will come to later.

No, the cause of failure is nothing new. It was even evident during the days prior to England's success in the World Cup. It is not a symptom of a defect derived since the glory days two years back. There has always been a basic weakness which must be corrected now that defeat finally has shown up England's Achilles' heel.

In order to understand how this weakness came about it is necessary to go back over the past two years or more.

Without doubt there has been a considerable improvement in the tactics of England teams during this period. Just as tactics have played a vital part in determining the winning and losing of matches, so England have latched on to the latest techniques of what in general terms one might refer to as tight defence and quick breakaway counter-attacks.

No country has been able to survive internationally without a grasp of these essentials of modern-day football. In order to live with current demands at the highest level of the game, it has been necessary to adapt the principles referred to earlier.

Before the World Cup, England found that it was possible to beat opponents by giving nothing away in defence and striking hard and fast in attack. Almost the entire opposition at this stage was composed of teams like the Scandinavians who were quite unable to provide any firm sort of defence, or others more modern in approach, who lacked the other attributes of the game to prevent England succeeding against them.

These "other" attributes are extremely important and in being England's greatest strength they are at the same time oddly enough also her greatest weakness. This paradox is not as strange as it sounds.

The modern game demands not only reinforced defences and quick strikes to achieve success at the other end of the field. Tackling has reached the height of determination and this emphasis on the physical side has brought it much nearer to the traditional aspect of the English game.

For all the faults which have beset England teams through the ages, one accusation which has never been levelled at them is a lack of moral fibre. There are many English players who will shirk a hard tackle, but by far the majority will not "chicken".

Courage, determination and a never-say-die spirit have won many a battle for England when tactics have been at a low par. English teams never give up.

It is undeniably true. Most foreigners will give up when the going gets tough — this is not a characteristic of nations lacking pure and simple guts — it's just that most of the time they cannot see the point in going all out when the cause is hopelessly lost. For the average Englishman, lost causes are part of a way of life half the time and he is conditioned to them.

You can drag in the old corny phrase about being an island country, but without the water surrounding us we would probably be just the same as the rest of the world. There is a basic distrust of anything foreign over here. This is not a question of racialism because people in the south are highly suspicious of those living in the north!

Football has become one way of expressing national prestige; for England probably the most important way, since it is our national game and we can no longer consider ourselves to be the leading nation of world affairs.

The climate of football these days has inadvertently brought it right into the orbit of England's outstanding qualities. Modern techniques mean that stamina, drive, and a relentless pursuit of victory can overcome deficiencies of skill. It's harder than ever to play soccer and be successful. The game is faster than ever and requires the highest standard of physical fitness.

There is a fine line drawn between playing it hard and playing it dirty. So faint is it at times that human vision will not pick it up, but this type of game must inevitably lead to breaking the rules. At its worst, it can best be described as uncompromising.

Thus England came to the World Cup fresh from a series of Scandinavian triumphs and endowed with a will to win hitherto unseen even in England teams. Sir

Mike Summerbee fails to connect with a centre during England's unsuccessful match against West Germany prior to the European Championship. (UPI)

WATCH IT, ENGLAND!

THE SLIP IS SHOWING

Alf, then minus his title, had made the players believe in themselves. He had said that England would win the World Cup after his appointment and now the players believed he was right.

Came the opening match of the group in which England were pitted against Uruguay and immediately the hosts were faced with problems. Here were opponents who were not only far more conscious of the needs of defence but to an extent that they would rather settle for a draw than risk losing a goal. The manner in which the World Cup was organised made it tailormade for the use of such tactics.

The Uruguayans knew they only had to draw with England — whom they rightly considered likely to be the strongest nation in their group — to ensure a place in the quarter-finals. But England could not find a way of beating the defence.

England did not change their tactics. Either they could not or they would not. Instead they made team changes and eventually through the courtesy of weaker sides like France and Mexico they reached the quarter-finals and then produced a side against Argentina which was vastly different from the one which had started the series off in the first place.

As everyone knows, the Argentina match was the one in which the famous Rattin was dismissed and despite valiant rearguard action by the South Americans the absence of this vital cog ended in disaster for them. But for most of the game they had contained the opposition with equally sure-footed defence, which gave nothing away.

Clearly England were happy when they could dictate the tactics, unhappy about the circumstances which meant that the opposition would not do what England's strategy had planned them to do.

Where the South Americans had failed was in their inability to ensure the palpably few chances they created for themselves were turned into goals. They had paid dearly for concentrating on defence at the expense of their attack.

In the semi-finals, England were poised for victory. Portugal had a far more open approach and a known suspect defence. This was more like it for England. The result was, in spectacle, a far more pleasing sight with England revelling in the freedom to break and thrust at the opposition. Came the Final and its inevitable drama.

Once the Germans realised that they were not going to get away with feigning injury in this game and have an Englishman sent off — not that any referee in the world would have the courage to do such a thing at Wembley anyway — they settled for second best. They were as near to the English style as could be seen in the competition; equally hard into the tackle and probably even more disciplined than their opponents. But England, after a shaky first half, eventually mastered the opposition.

It was in extra time that England went ahead and stayed there. The effect of a "disputed" goal and the greater reserves of energy of the England players had their effect on the Germans. They wilted finally and succumbed.

These, the finest attributes of the England side, had seen them through.

World Champions

England were World champions, because even though there may have been some doubts as to whether they were the best team in the competition — the answer was not clear against Uruguay and could have been different against Argentina — no one had beaten them.

The three toughest teams in the competition — England, West Germany and Russia — had taken three of the four top places.

The pattern of world football was more clearly defined than ever before.

South American skills and formidable defence were not a match for equally uncompromising if differently executed defence in Europe with far more lethal attack. Skill alone had not been enough to win the competition.

There was no team with sufficient individual skill to overcome the enthusiastic determination and team work of England who had contrived to overcome all obstacles without having to fully reply to questions posed by some of their opponents.

Even in the darkest days of no success for England, the mere mention of the country had put fear into the opposition. England had been regarded as the home of football and could be relied upon to put up a stout performance whatever the circumstances.

But with the crown of World champions now firmly resting on their heads, the English were even more feared than before. The brand of football which had taken England to the pinnacle, carried them onwards towards greater opportunities while most of the opposition melted away before them, awed by their mere presence and unable to match their Herculean qualities.

With world standards at a low ebb and no sign of a break of the stranglehold of defence, it remained for England to retain the offensive. True, Scotland lowered England's colours but there were excuses which could be offered. Injuries robbed England of full strength during the match though the Scots had shown far more individual ability.

But here was the basis for England's possible defeat: a side had sufficient skill, could back it with equally well ordered defence and the same type of resolve, allied to an attack which could show coolness and the ability to snap its chances, few though they might be.

Where could such a side possibly come from? Certainly Europe did not seem to possess one. The Brazilians were shattered after their World Cup disaster, the Uruguayans and Argentinians trying to find out a way to score goals with the same expertise they had prevented them. The Asiatics might pose problems if they could harness their energy and channel it towards more tactical evolution and — most important of all — grow a foot taller apiece.

Africa might be an answer but only in ten years' time and their known lack of stamina would probably not place them in a strong position for world football domination even if they could measure up to the other requirements.

Having overcome the Scottish shock, England found Spain a trifle easier than even they probably imagined and just before they entered the European Championship semi-finals, met West Germany in Hannover.

With players rested before the big clash with Yugoslavia it was a strange looking England side which met the Germans. The Germans, too, were rebuilding after failure to top Yugoslavia in their European Championship group. They had a young side, largely still in the experimental stage.

It was a lifeless match and ended with a late goal deflected in past Gordon Banks to give Germany its first ever win against England.

It needed an inspirational goal — it had needed it all along, but one was not forthcoming and so came defeat. With what was regarded as the best side on duty, England then took on Yugoslavia, confident of victory.

Instead, the Yugoslavs showed the skill of which they were famed, the determination of which they were capable, but above all, the resolution in all circumstances to stand up to England, this latter trait which has not been a particular of their previous make-up.

They did everything as well as England did, including fouling their opponents, and in the end scored the vital winning goal so late again that it was no time to save the game and enter the extra time which would have swung it England's way again quite probably.

It was the first time that England had met a side since the World Cup which was more skilful and even more well organised in modern tactics. It proved that at last there was hope for skill in the game and when applied to well ordered strategy it added up to a more successful formula.

There must now be a reappraisal of individual skills because if England is to retain her World crown two years hence, it must be by way of combating resolute opposition with greater accomplishments, not necessarily with polishing up the performances of players schooled in the Sir Alf Ramsey method of playing the game.

England's strength lies in all aspects of a courageous, resolute approach, but faced with equal determination and greater skill it becomes a weakness.

Inflexible and lacking the ability to alter their tactics in the face of unusual strategy, England have not shown the necessary expertise as footballers to overcome all obstacles after all.

And if the game should swing away from its present physically and defensively minded attitude, there could be more ominous signs ahead before Mexico.

BRIAN GLANVILLE: An examination of the Football League Review

The "Football League Review" lost £73,000 last year, reducing the League's profit to almost nothing. The "Review" has an audited circulation of 328,947, costs 1/- but is bought by clubs at a fraction of that price and inserted into programmes at no extra charge. Brian Glanville examines the controversial mouthpiece of the Football League.

I HAPPEN to have with me here a number of copies of the *Football League Review*. Let me exonerate myself. I did not intentionally acquire them; they came, as Charlie said, in *Death of a Salesman*, with the territory: more specifically, they were contained in club programmes. But they provide me, at least, with an opportunity to examine this curious, even unique, phenomenon, and with it, some of the attitudes of the body which produces it.

Let me at once declare my interest. I have, I admit with some small pride, been attacked in the *Football League Review*. I did not see the issue—alas, they didn't send me a copy—I merely heard about it. On the other hand, I have, from time to time, been critical of the *Football League Review*, which is perfectly entitled to exact its revenge—and no hard feelings.

The first thing to appreciate about the *Review* is its enormous circulation; I doubt whether any weekly magazine, exclusively devoted to football, has achieved one as large, either in Britain or elsewhere. The latest certified figure is in the region of 330,000, and even *France Football*, beyond question the finest and most distinguished soccer weekly in the world, sells only 160,000.

Accounted

True, the *Review's* figures are not quite what they seem, since they are very largely accounted for by the captive audience which, willy nilly, receives it stapled into its club programmes. Though the presence of the *Review* may perhaps act as a stimulus to some purchasers (a Sheffielder told me recently that he saw many fans at Hillsborough "tearing it out and chucking it on the ground") the initial commitment is undoubtedly to the programme. It would be interesting to know exactly what proportion of the *Review's* sales are accounted for over the counter, at the full price of one shilling. Obviously the clubs must buy it at very much less than the normal trade terms, just as those who get it with their programmes are buying it at far less than its market value.

In terms of its outward appearance, the *Review* has been greatly improved. It now has a brightly coloured, generally well registered, cover, where the original one was largely black and white. The centre spread is an attractively presented full colour team group, and another colour photograph, either of a player or a team, appears on the inside front cover. Great difficulties, however, are necessarily imposed by its minuscule format—so necessary if it is to fit into programmes—and it cannot be pretended that these have remotely been overcome. In terms of typography and lay-out, alas, the *Review* is a sorry mess, a jumbled hotch-potch of cramped pages and ubiquitous boxes, whose effect is to minimise the importance of anything the magazine might have to say.

Educated

Alas, this failure is compounded by the quality of the writing, which is cheap where it is not dull, and unvaryingly old fashioned. It reeks of the 1930's—or, at best, of the late 1940's—and has, for that very reason, a certain, nostalgic appeal even for the more sensitive and educated, who might otherwise be repelled by its plethora of *clichés*, its poverty of style; or rather, its parody of the worst kind of popular-paper journalism, which the better popular papers are now, thank goodness, abandoning.

He grinned. And said . . . etc.

Having a captive audience, as it does, relieved, as it is, of the burden of attracting and catering to a public, it might be thought that the *Review* would take wing, trying to embody something of the great contemporary rise in the standard of writing and thinking about the game; trying to reflect the increasing and encouraging classlessness of its support, the fact that it is no longer a proletarian monopoly. Instead, the *Review* caters, outside its "League View", and Walter Pilkington's column for the lowest possible common denominator. Where *France Football* can be read with enjoyment, not only by the man in the street but by the most exacting intellectual, the *Review* has little in it which would tax the intelligence and comprehension of a bright child of twelve; though he would be little the better for reading it.

The ultimate fatuity, and one which places the magazine in a certain perspective, is its imbecilic poll for "the most attractive footballer in the League".

DISASTER STRUCK ON THE BRISTOL ROVERS COACH COMING BACK FROM WALSALL . . . MORE THAN 3,000 VOTES FOR ROVERS' STAR WAYNE JONES WHICH PAT DUKES AND HER FRIENDS HAD BEEN COLLECTING FOR WEEKS . . . SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED.

And who cares?

At the bottom of the list of votes recorded in this misbegotten contest there appears a list of fan clubs for individual players; the last thing, one would have thought, that an official Football League magazine would wish to encourage. This, after all, is the very body which recently refused to sanction a prize which an Italian liquor firm wanted to offer to the leading League goal scorer, on the grounds that such an exaltation of the part above the whole would be invidious.

Provincial

One might, indeed, characterise the *Review* as peevish, petulant and . . . provincial. Though a letter from a gentleman in King's Cross insists, "The variety of criticism and opinion you allow proves to me . . . that the Football League, far from being the autocratic body we were brought up to imagine *(by whom?)* really are more democratic than the papers like to believe", the editorial tone is unvaryingly defensive.

There are, by the way, one or two puzzling features about this letter. The address the writer, Mr. W. J. Whitehead, gives is 723, King's Cross Road, London, W.C.7. Now, the postal number is doubtless a misprint—King's Cross Road lies in the area W.C.1—but what are we to make of the house number, 723, in a street which does not go beyond the 200s? Odd.

Sometimes, it descends to sheer self-parody, as on the classic occasion when it deplored the amount of publicity given to untoward incidents at Football League matches, asking why equal publicity was not given to the many matches where nothing displeasing occurred. An occasion which my colleague Hugh McIlvanney, of the *Observer*, exploited to ask why the road safety statisticians did not compile statistics of the number of people who safely crossed the road.

Revealing

The *Review* in fact is quite extraordinarily thin skinned. A recent issue regretted "the . . . implication in *The Sunday Express* by D. Blanchflower that there were hidden reasons for the choice of Lytham St. Anne's as the situation for the Football League", and went on at length, revealing in the process a great deal more than it intended. You will see, however, the characteristic, sulky reaction to any kind of criticism, the cheap attempt to diminish the critic—"D. Blanchflower" instead of Danny Blanchflower. If the *Review* is to be believed, *nothing* that the Football League does is ever wrong; it is a paragon among bodies, floating somewhere up there in the stratosphere, far above human criticism.

True, the attempt to defend such a position sometimes results in strange logical and intellectual contortions. One moment, the abolition of the disgraceful maximum wage is being crassly deplored; the next, we are being told that it has made little real difference to this best of all possible competitions.

A particularly feather-brained line of argument is that the number of high priced transfers represents but a small proportion of the whole—shades, again, of Mr. McIlvanney's road accident analogy.

● *Continued on page 31*

TOM JAGGER writes

TOP DOZEN RULE CURRENT SCENE

A FEELING of annoyance and helplessness is beginning to spread over the professional soccer scene in England.

It's like a cancer in the way in which it is destroying friendships of years, and applying a sordid touch to everything.

Nothing seems to check its gradual growth and, after all, nothing ever has been able to properly harness cash when the operators have decided on certain policies.

I'm referring, of course, to the gradual and automatic creation of an unofficial Super League and the cornering of talent.

There can be no doubt now, in anyone's mind, that almost 80 of the League's 92 clubs can be ruled out of the race for the top prizes before each new season commences.

It's a depressing matter to contemplate, yet it is a fact that everything that really matters seems to be shared nowadays between the lucky dozen — the clubs with power at their elbows, healthy bank accounts, and big support.

Which means just this: if you support one of those dozen there's a good chance of you having something to shout about.

But if your loyalties are elsewhere you'll have to be content as an also-ran, and watching your team settle for one of the other awards.

Manchester City players (left to right) Francis Lee, Colin Bell and Neil Young are joined by enthusiastic supporters after City's third goal in their title-clinching win at Newcastle. Later in the month Bell had further reason for jubilation when he made his full England debut at Wembley against Sweden. England won 3-1. (A)

SELECT

Years ago, Second Division clubs were always considered a reasonable bet for the Cup. And those in the Third Division were never scorned.

I remember brave little York City, a hard-up Third Division outfit, taking Newcastle United to a semi-final replay in 1955.

But the odds against anybody but a top circle team making Wembley nowadays have lengthened tremendously. While if it's the title that's interesting you there'll just be a select group to consider.

Just look back a matter of ten years, and you'll be surprised how this position has been gradually solidifying.

For instance, Spurs, Manchester United, Liverpool and Everton have dominated the Wembley scene over that period, while, at the same time, Manchester City, Leeds United, Manchester United, Liverpool, Everton, Spurs and Nottingham Forest have been the League pacemakers.

Add the names of Arsenal, Chelsea, West Bromwich, Newcastle and Sunderland and the select dozen is lined up.

THINNING

It may be in time to come that Wolves, Sheffield Wednesday and Aston Villa will join that top freemasonry but there is no indication that they are likely to do so in the immediate future.

So we find all the stars gradually being cornered by those few, and thousands of fans changing their colours after reading the writing on the wall.

It's that last point which is upsetting directors and managers almost as much as everything else.

Their crowds are thinning every year. Some clubs have never done as badly as last season. Grounds which normally welcomed an average of between 20,000 and 30,000 now have to be content with less than 10,000.

Why? Because the fans who pay the piper are calling the tune by travelling to the "super" grounds to watch teams packed with stars.

Watch the attendance figures this new season and you'll get the proof. For you'll see 50,000 more often than not at Old Trafford, Goodison, Elland Road, White Hart Lane, Stamford Bridge, Maine Road and Anfield.

But neighbouring grounds will be half empty. At the moment, this applies particularly to the Bradford clubs, Preston, Blackburn, Bolton and Bury.

There was a time when Bolton stood up to the challenge of their big brothers in Manchester. And Preston and Blackburn paid no attention to the doings of the Merseysiders.

But it's different today. I knew things were developing this way, and had been given facts by those on the inside. But I still decided to do a personal check, and was astonished.

They were motoring over to Merseyside from Preston and Blackburn in droves. And at Bolton and Bury—and Oldham and Rochdale, too—the buses were packed with youngsters turning their backs on their own town teams, and going to cheer the big boys.

It's an unpleasant trend, but one that is spreading, and will go on doing so.

The big clubs will become even bigger, and the smaller clubs will become smaller, unable to hold on to the stars they make themselves, and permanently fielding a second-class team.

Gradually, the top dozen will draw away. The gap will widen until it becomes obvious that a separate section must be created.

Many are closing their eyes to that unpleasant fact, yet it's got to be faced.

It means that the ordinary town club must take a back seat, and content themselves with smaller incomes and less talent while their bigger brethren continue thriving.

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PIERINO PRATI — by JIM HAWTHORNE

MILAN OWE MUCH TO HIS FREQUENT GOALSCORING

GIANNI RIVERA'S 89th minute winner against Brescia at San Siro on March 31, 1968, secured for AC Milan the ninth Italian championship in their history, for this win gave them a nine-point lead at the top of the league and with only four games left to play they could not be caught.

What have been the main reasons for their runaway win? Off the field the vigorous efforts of trainer Nereo Rocco in moulding the team into a powerful single unit playing fluid, open football and ignoring *catenaccio* have been at the very heart of this success.

On the field one can point to skipper Gianni Rivera's superb skill and vast imagination, Saul Malatrasi's organisation of the defence, Pier Angelo Belli's inspired goalkeeping in the first half of the season before a shoulder injury put him out of the team and Giovanni Lodetti's tireless efforts in midfield.

But as important as all these has been the emergence, one could almost say explosion, on to the scene of Pierino Prati, a 21-year-old striker whose frequent and decisive goal-scoring has been paramount in bringing the championship back to the *rossoneri*.

In less than a season Prati's eye for the half-chance has earned for him not only his first *scudetto* but also his first Italian "cap" and the position of top goalscorer in the league as well as the adulation of press and public alike. Prati has undoubtedly been the find of the season but despite only being in his first full season in *Serie A* it has been no overnight success for, young as he is, he has received a thorough grounding in the arts and crafts of *calcio*.

Player Portrait

A product of the Milan youth training system at their training centre Milanello, where he first went at the age of 16, Prati was centre-forward in the Milan youth team that won the *Primavera* championship of Italy in season 1964/65.

He was then selected for the Italian squad that was to take part in the 18th UEFA Youth Tournament in West Germany in April, 1965. In this competition he played in all Italy's games; against Scotland in Stuttgart (1-1), Yugoslavia in Pforzheim (2-0), scoring once, Northern Ireland in the quarter-finals in Bochum (2-1), scoring both goals, and England in the semi-finals in Marl-Huls (1-3). It is interesting to note that two of England's three goals in that game were scored by Dennis Bond and Peter Osgood.

Cloudy memory

In July, 1965, in order to give him league experience, Milan loaned Prati to the *Serie B* (2nd Division) team Salernitana. Unfortunately in January, 1966, while playing for Salernitana, he broke his right leg. With patience and courage, however, he overcame this injury and today his powerful right foot shooting and bravery in the tight defences bears witness to the fact that it is now just a cloudy memory.

At the end of the season he was recalled to Milan by their new *allenatore* Arturo Silvestri. With regular centre-forward Angelo Sormani injured and unable to play for a few weeks, Prati made his *Serie A* début at San Siro on September 18, 1966, against Venezia in the opening game of the new season. Despite winning 2-1 he lost his place to Riccardo Innocenti for the next two matches but came back into the side for the game at Napoli which Milan lost 3-2.

With Sormani fit again, however, and Amarildo and Innocenti also available for the centre-forward position, chances would have been few and far between and so, in order to continue his league experience, he was loaned out again, this time to Savona also in *Serie B*.

It was while he was with Savona during season 1966/67 that he first gave the hint of his enormous potential. Playing at centre-forward in a team that was not really strong enough for the division his 15 goals in two-thirds of the season—29 appearances to be precise—almost, but not quite, saved them from relegation. It also placed him second in the *Serie B* goalscorers' classification, preceded only by Francesconi of champions Sampdoria. When the season ended he was once again recalled to Milan but this time it was to stay.

For the new season Milan had managed to re-engage as their *allenatore*, Nereo Rocco, the man who had guided them to victory in the European Cup in 1963, and he definitely wanted Prati back at San Siro. Even so, he was not included in Rocco's immediate plans to build a first team capable of regaining the championship they had last won in 1962. As a centre-forward Prati would naturally only be an under-study to Angelo Sormani, the excellent Brazilian who had cost Milan such a lot of money when they bought him from Roma in 1965.

Positions covered

Rocco had assembled a fine team with all positions covered, all positions that is except one. Nereo had problems on the left wing. It was a choice between Bruno Mora, the highly experienced international who had never quite got over a badly broken leg suffered in a game against Bologna on December 12, 1965, that had kept him out of the game for nearly a year, Lino Golin a 22-year-old they had signed from Verona, and Giorgio Rognoni, another youngster they had bought from Modena during the close season.

Gianni Rivera clinched the Italian League championship for Milan but the goals of Pierino Prati were vital.

Nereo tried one, then the other, but still he was not happy and finally he introduced Prati, who had earlier had a couple of games at outside-right when Kurt Hamrin was injured, into the team to wear the No. 11 shirt.

Prati was like the answer to a prayer for he started scoring at once — in one's and two's in almost every game — and in no time had become the most feared man in the Milan attack, an attack that contained such celebrated names as Hamrin, Rivera and Sormani. At one stage he was averaging over a goal a match and to date has

scored 15 goals in 18 league games and three goals in five European Cup-Winners' Cup ties which is very good going by any standard but in Italy is a particularly formidable rate of scoring.

The possessor of a remarkably powerful right foot shot, he is also very good in the air where he uses his height to fine advantage in getting up to Rivera's finely flighted crosses. Tall and long-legged, he has a very awkward and unorthodox style that often baffles opposing full-backs. Many a time I've seen him take the ball into a seemingly impossible situation, with three or four defenders in close attention, only for him to somehow emerge with the ball leaving a trail of beaten opponents in his wake.

Ruthless full-backs

Once in possession of the ball he is very difficult to dispossess and frequently opponents find that the only way to stop him is to foul him. Time and again he is dumped on the ground by ruthless full-backs determined to make sure that he doesn't continue his goalscoring spree against them. He takes all this, however, without a word of protest. His only concern is to get into the penalty area to try and collect the free-kick and get it into the net.

It is in the penalty area that he is at his most dangerous where he does not hesitate to have a go at goal no matter what the distance or angle. It is his refreshing willingness to try a shot from narrow and confined spaces that has contributed so much to his success. He is also a specialist at taking direct free-kicks outside the penalty area, the power of his shot making him a threat to his opponents anywhere within 30 yards or so.

As the season progressed it was obvious that representative honours would soon come his way and in December, 1967, he was selected for the Italian Under-23 party to travel to Nottingham to play England on the 20th of that month. Although not originally selected for the actual team he came on as a second-half substitute in a match that England, with a goal from Martin Chivers, won 1-0.

By the end of March, with Italy's European Championship (Henri Delauney Cup) quarter-final first leg against Bulgaria in Sofia just around the corner, many critics and writers were clamouring for Prati's inclusion in the full national side. More so because the regular first choice left-winger, Luigi Riva of Cagliari, was going through a bad spell, fighting against loss of form and injuries.

Skill and strength

Gianni Brera, Italy's leading football writer, in the paper *Guerin Sportivo*, called Prati the new Piola (Italy's most prolific goalscorer of all time and their centre-forward in the 1938 World Cup winning team). Indeed, he went further than that and said that Prati was one of only two or three Italian forwards who was not afraid of playing away from home.

Ex-international Annibale Frossi, writing in the *Corriere della Sera*, said that while most Italian forwards, in the interests of prudence, were used as midfield players, preferring to remain far away from the penalty area and the opposing goal, Prati was among the few forwards in Italy that were the exception to this rule. He went on to say that Prati was a rebel against the tactics of the present day, concentrating all his skill and strength on the offensive and the scoring of goals. And Brera again, after Milan's European Cup-Winners' Cup play-off against Standard Liege, wrote that if Ferruccio Valcareggi — the national team manager in the stand watching the game — did not pick Prati for the match in Sofia it would be a big mistake.

It was no surprise, therefore, that when the names of the 22 players were announced Prati's was amongst them, ostensibly as reserve to Riva. Prati's comment was: "I think it is a miracle and I am very happy. I do not think that I will play in Sofia but for me it is sufficient to be included in the list of 22 players."

The inclusion in the squad had crowned a great year for the young striker but there was still more to come. Just two days before the match in Sofia, Riva pulled out of the squad with an injury and Valcareggi immediately confirmed that Prati would definitely wear the No. 11 shirt.

Despite having 10 men for most of the game — Picchi going off injured in the first half — and a referee that was heavily biased against them, Italy gave one of their typically spiritless away-from-home displays. The faith that many people had in Prati, however, was confirmed for he played magnificently, by far the best Italian on the field.

Glancing header

Seemingly unaffected by nerves and the fact that he was playing in his first international he was a constant danger to the Bulgarian defence. With a little bit of luck he could have scored a memorable hat-trick. In the first half his beautiful glancing header struck the bar and a little later his left-foot shot from a difficult angle hit the foot of the post. Then, just seven minutes before the end of the match, with Italy trailing 3-1 and in dire trouble, he popped up to lash Rivera's cross past Boncev to put his team back in with a chance.

His display in Sofia meant that he was in the team to stay and Valcareggi did not hesitate to include him in the side to play the return leg in Napoli. Once again Prati turned up trumps and his all-important 14th-minute goal levelled the aggregate scores and opened up the way for the *azzurri* to win the tie, with a 68th-minute goal from Domenghini, and move forward into the semi-finals.

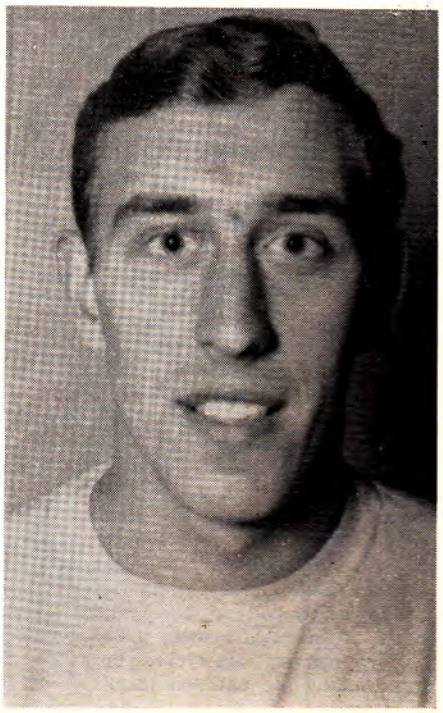
Prati has become the new hero of the *Milaniste*, even ousting Gianni Rivera from this position, with a large weekly fan mail. He is, however, a person with both feet firmly placed on the ground and has not let this popularity go to his head. He remains just plain Pierino to his friends and, as a single man, still lives at home with his mother in the little town of Cinisello Balsamo just outside Milan where he was born on December 13, 1946.

He is not one of those players who thinks that because he has received a little praise and attention he has nothing left to learn.

'Most Italian forwards, in the interests of prudence, were used as midfield players, Prati was among the few that were the exception to the rule'

He realises that he is lucky to be playing alongside men such as Rivera, whom he considers the most complete player in Italy. He is also very grateful to Nereo Rocco for giving him his chance even though earlier in the season Rocco was quoted as saying that Prati was only half a player. In this often misinterpreted statement Rocco was merely referring to the fact that whereas Prati was very effective in front of goal, he could boost his game by increasing his work rate and improving his technique. But Prati is young and willing to work hard to add to his natural talent for scoring goals.

This season the name Pierino Prati has meant anti-catenaccio. Next season he will be marked even more ruthlessly. Prati, however, a sensible and intelligent young man — at present, in between playing and training, he is studying English — has no false illusions about the difficulties he will have to face up to as his career progresses. It is for this reason that I believe he has a fine future ahead of him.



Pierino Prati has good reason to remember Martin Chivers (above) for it was the Tottenham player who scored the only goal of the match when he first played for the Italian Under-23 team. (W1)

We ought to have remembered last year's final but we did not and once again the . . .

CRUSADERS TRIUMPH

Irish News from COLIN McALPIN

SOME of us never seem to learn from our mistakes. Last season we put Crusaders down as complete Irish Cup write-offs, before their match with Glentoran had even started and the unfancied, unfashionable little Shore Road club hammered the all-powerful Oval outfit 3-1 in their first ever Cup Final appearance. This season they were back again in the final against much-fancied Linfield and we gave them no chance at all of retaining the trophy—they proceeded to hammer Linfield into the ground for a shock 2-0 win that had us all eating our words and our hats.

When it comes to Cup Finals there just isn't a thing called form and there's certainly no such thing as being underdogs for, make no mistake about it, Crusaders fully deserved their victory over a Linfield side chasing with confidence a record of 37 matches without defeat set up some seasons ago by the now-defunct Belfast Celtic.

We ought to have remembered last season's Final when the no-hopers rose brilliantly to the occasion. We ought to have looked at the game with clearer eyes, we ought to have learned our lesson after last season's Final.

POWERFUL

But we didn't and gave Linfield, whose record of successes against Crusaders went back to 1964, all our bets for a win. Certainly, going into the Final, it would have been a mistake anybody could have made for the Windsor Park Blues were playing excellent and powerful football and the Crues, under new manager Jimmy Todd, merely an adequate brand of soccer. The odds were on Linfield and, judging on their pre-Final showings, rightly so.

In their earlier rounds Linfield had disposed easily enough of "B" Division club Banbridge Town, Bangor and Ards while Crues had to struggle against Ballymena United, Portadown (a game which went through three unrelenting matches before the Seaview side got through) and Derry City (after a replay).

For Crues the semi-final replay against City was as full of drama as the Final was eventually to be. City blistered their way to a 2-1 scoreline well into the second half and looked all set for a Final place until goalkeeper Mahon blundered in going for the easiest of shots and allowed the ball to roll out of his arms and into the net for the equaliser. Crues threw everything into the attack and two minutes from time 21-year-old inside-forward Johnny Jameson scored the goal of the season with a long dribble around a stunned City defence who simply couldn't catch him. After baffling them (he twisted round no less than four defenders) he promptly slipped the ball home to the delight of Crues' supporters who had reckoned it was all up with their chances this term.

UNDERDOGS

So into the Final and all the critics rooting hard for Linfield, which suited Crues well enough for it's always easier to be unfancied underdogs when it comes to the important games.

Indeed, upon reflection, such outspoken confidence on our part might well have been Lin-

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ARGENTINA SOCCER SCENE

MAS BEHIND BARS!

from ERIC WEIL

THE numerous incidents between players in league matches are now being efficiently checked by police action. The law enters the field as soon as incidents start. Players who argue, molest the referee, start fights or even commit dangerous fouls, are immediately hauled off to the police station and charged with disorderly conduct or intent to injure which can mean up to a month in prison. The law is no respecter of names and at least one international (winger Mas) was behind bars while national team coach, Cesarini, tried, without success, to get his release to resume training with the rest of the national team.

Keeping his stars out of prison is not Renato Cesarini's only worry. The South American Championship Cup has kept the five Estudiantes players (on which he hoped to form the basis of his team) away from weekly training. Other clubs are not backing the national team's preparations either and too many "last minute injuries" are keeping attendance down at the weekly get-togethers. The result —a 2-0 drubbing by Paraguay at Asuncion in the first of the season's international games. It ranked as one of the poorest performances ever given by an Argentine national team.

Goalkeeper Amadeo Carrizo came back to River Plate's team for his first game of the season in the Metropolitan First Division match versus Rosario Central. Nothing strange about that, except that he is Argentina's oldest league player at 42 and this is his 21st season in the First Division with the same club.

Few people knew that Alberto Poletti, of South American Champions, Estudiantes de La Plata, another goalkeeper in the news, had been needing an urgent appendicitis operation, but kept putting it off while his team played in the South American Cup. During some games he was visibly in pain after some of his acrobatic leaps, but watchers put it down to a strained muscle. His appendix finally came out a week after Estudiantes won the coveted trophy and he will be back for the games against Manchester United.

While Estudiantes de La Plata, and to a lesser extent Racing, have been hitting the headlines for their exploits in the South American Cup, San Lorenzo's prolific scoring with what amounts to nothing less than a six-man forward line (Rendo, Gonzalez, Tojo, Veglio, Cocco and Fischer) has not passed unnoticed. The team is running away with the "A" Section of the Metropolitan Championship. After 14 games they were eight points ahead and top scorers with 31 goals. In many games they have literally walked to victory as if reserving themselves for bigger things.

Independiente centre-forward, Luis Artime, last season's top scorer in the national championship, certainly hit the jack-pot with his transfer to Palmeiras of San Paulo (Brazil). Apart from the 26,000,000 pesos (£31,200) paid to Independiente, the Brazilian club paid Artime 10,000,000 pesos £12,000) signing-on fee which will take the player's earnings during 1968 to 24,000,000 pesos (£28,800) as he had already received a signing-on fee from Independiente at the start of the season.

The Argentine TV soccer "boom" (mentioned in this column in June) may be over soon, not because people have stopped watching, but because the Government-run TV channel, with whom the FA made the contract, has stopped paying. Many millions of pesos are owed already and there may be a suspension of live television soccer games even this season.

field's undoing for they trooped out at the Oval on Saturday, April 27, expecting to be the Irish Cup winners for this season, while Crusaders trooped out not expecting anything but quietly confident that they might be able to upset that Linfield cockiness.

And right from the off it was the Crues who made all the running; Linfield, with a distinct dose of the jitters, functioned only in stops and starts and never really mastered a defence in which veteran international centre-half Albert Campbell—recalled to senior team duty after a spell in the reserves—was brilliantly outstanding.

After 26 minutes of growing Crusaders' dominance the side's other full international, inside-forward Danny Trainor, slipped the ball across to wandering winger Liam Wilson. Wilson, like Campbell, recalled to the senior side after being asked to be dropped because he felt the fans were giving him too much stick, prodded the ball forward and Joe Meldrum, the Crues' former amateur international centre-forward, raced in to nod it home past a bemused Bertie McGonigal.

WORKERS

A word here about Wilson. Never the hardest of workers Wilson is, nevertheless, one of the most outstanding wingmen in Irish football today. He can, and often does, tangle defences hopelessly with his soft-shoe shuffles and cross-field runs. He's lazy to be sure—and that's why the fans get ratty with him occasionally—but in my books there's none to touch him when he decides to get well into a game. If only he'd play 90 minutes instead of 45 in fits and starts he'd be the greatest and no reservations!

But this was certainly a day of vintage Wilson; of hard-graft Wilson; of non-stop, all-action Wilson—and the fans now love him to pieces.

Drama in plenty to follow for Linfield, in one of their rare attacks, collect a penalty after young Anderson handled on the line. Up steps penalty king Ron Wood—and slams the ball uselessly against the crossbar. Crues, deservedly, live on to gain in stature as the game progresses.

This, it is painfully obvious, is a Linfield side with the deadly sting withdrawn for ace goal-snatcher Sammy "Snatchit" Pavis is merely a spectator so well is he patrolled by Campbell and his young half-back partners McFarlane and McPolin. On the wings Linfield are the other side of dreadful, up the middle their usually rock-solid trio are absent without leave and at full-back they are tested beyond all endurance by the quick thrusts of the Crues forwards.

DECLINES

Into the second half and Linfield get another penalty — a rather lucky one this for McPolin's tackle was hardly more than that—and nobody, understandably enough, wants to have anything to do with it. Wood declines and sneaks into the centre of the field to turn his back on the Crues goal. Winger Billy Ferguson declines also and finally up comes the baby of the side, Des Cathcart, simply because nobody else wanted the responsibility.

He places the ball to the right of goalkeeper Terry Nicholson and the Beatle-haired 'keeper throws himself down and smothers the ball. Crues live, dramatically, again and it's almost over. Four minutes later Meldrum is again on hand to deal the death blow — Celtic's record stays with the ghosts, Crues wreck the pundits' predictions and the Irish Cup stays at Seaview.

And for Crusaders the Irish Cup is only the start of a month's glory for after the opening round of the recently-introduced Blaxnit all-Ireland Cup competition for the semi-finalists from the Irish Cup and the FAI Cup in the Republic they were the one remaining Irish League side left.

True, they got a fairly easy home draw against a lifeless Drumcondra from Dublin but the magnificent manner in which they took Drums apart for a 6-1 victory before a poor crowd of 4,000 who had braved a terrible night stamped them as a team of class.

(*A special report on the Blaxnit tournament appears on page 35.*)

The recent decision by seven of the 12 senior clubs to throw out a proposal to give professionals in the Irish League a rise (from the present £6 maximum to £9 for part-timers) has been met, and rightly so, with disgust by the majority of footballers and football followers.

What makes the rejection even more bitter is the fact that the clubs didn't think twice about upping admission prices for next season from the half-crown minimum to 3s. Overall it's a backward step — our football standards are rocketing up, our attendances are also rocketing up, our prices are going up—but for the man who makes it all possible, the player, it's a case of as you were and, frankly, it's just not good enough.

I say, give them their rise and to pot with all those small-minded club officials who think only of themselves and their penny-pinching ideas.

Crusaders two stars of the Final cover a Billy Ferguson raid for Linfield (right). The Crues players are goalkeeper Terry Nicholson (who saved a penalty) and half-back Walter McFarlane. (McA)

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European Statistics

CHAMPIONS' CUP
(Semi-Final, first leg)

Manchester United 1
Best (36).
Real Madrid 0

Manchester. Att. 63,000. Ref. Bachramov (Russia).
Man. Utd.: Stepney; Dunne, Sadler, Stiles, Burns; Crerand, Charlton; Best, Kidd, Law, Aston.
Real Madrid: Betancort; Gonzales, Zunzunegui, Zoco, Sanchis; Pirri, Velazquez: Perez, José-Luis, Grosso, Gento.

The irrepressible Irishman Georgie Best volleyed in a brilliant winner for United, but Real, only a pale imitation of their famous predecessors, defended well, while up front sadly missed the suspended Amancio.

Benfica Lisbon 2
Torres (62), Eusebio (69).
Juventus Turin 0

Lisbon. Att. 75,000. Ref. Barde (France).
Benfica: Henrique; Adolfo, Humberto, Jacinto, Cruz; Graça, Coluna; Augusto, Torres, Eusebio, Simoes.
Juventus: Anzolin; Roveta, Bercellino, Castano, Leoncini; Del Sol, Salvadore; Magnusson, Zigoni, Cinesinho, Menichelli.

The visitors' renowned defence resisted with luck and courage for two-thirds of the game, then the "Eagles of Lisbon," superior in all departments, broke through with brilliant goals from their twin strikers.

Benfica's Simoes just misses putting his side further ahead in their first-leg match with Juventus. (Marques)

(Second leg)

Real Madrid 3
Pirri (32), Gento (42), Amancio (45).
Manchester United 3
Zoco o.g. (43), Sadler (70), Foulkes (78).

Madrid. Att. 115,000. Ref. Sbardella (Italy).
Real Madrid: Betancort; Gonzales, Zunzunegui, Zoco, Sanchis; Pirri, Grosso; Perez, Amancio, Velazquez, Gento.
Man. Utd.: Stepney; Dunne, Foulkes, Stiles, Brennan; Crerand, Charlton; Best, Kidd, Sadler, Aston.

Real looked all set for victory at half-time, then threw the tie away with tactical and defensive blunders, allowing United to rally and make English club history by reaching the Final.

Juventus Turin 0
Benfica Lisbon 1
Eusebio (68).

Turin. Att. 70,000. Ref. Glöckner (East Germany).
Juventus: Anzolin; Roveta, Bercellino, Salvadore, Leoncini; Del Sol, Coramini; Magnusson, De Paoli, Sacco, Zigoni.
Benfica: Henrique; Adolfo, Humberto, Jacinto, Cruz; Graça, Coluna; Augusto, Torres, Eusebio, Simoes.

Juventus' goal-shy attack presented few problems for the Portuguese champions, who controlled the game in masterly fashion and for whom Eusebio hammered in the winner with an unstoppable 35-yard free-kick.

Final

Manchester United 4
Charlton 2 (52, 99), Best (91), Kidd (93)
Benfica 1
Graça (82)

Wembley. Att. 100,000. Ref. Lo Bello (Italy).
Man. Utd.: Stepney; Brennan, Dunne; Crerand, Foulkes, Stiles; Best, Kidd, Charlton, Sadler, Aston.
Benfica: Henrique; Adolfo, Humberto; Jacinto, Cruz, Graça; Coluna, Augusto, Torres, Eusebio, Simoes.

After a best forgotten first half United scored first through Charlton, but Graça hit back for Benfica when their cause seemed lost. Extra time was a disaster for the "Red Devils" from Portugal with Best, Kidd and Charlton again hitting goals in rapid succession.

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

Hamburg's equaliser scored by Sandmann in their first-leg match. Players left to right are: Wilson, Harris, Sandmann, Clarke and Carver. (Met)

CUP-WINNERS' CUP
(Semi-Final, first leg)

Hamburger SV 1
Sandmann (68)
Cardiff City 1
Dean (4).

Hamburg. Att. 71,000. Ref. Ortiz de Mendibil (Spain).
HSV: Ozcan; Sandmann, Horst, Hellfritz, Kurbjuhn; Krämer, Schulz (H.); Dieckmann, Libuda, Hönig, Dorfel.
Cardiff: Wilson; Carver, Murray, Harris, Ferguson; Clarke, Dean; Jones, King, Toshack, Lea.

The gallant Welshmen rocked the capacity crowd with an early goal, then withstood a tremendous bombardment from the hosts, who were clearly weakened by the absence of their top stars Uwe Seeler and Willi Schulz.

AC Milan 2
Sormani (51), Prati (73).
Bayern Munich 0

Milan. Att. 80,000. Ref. Garcia (Portugal).
Milan: Cudicini; Anquilletti, Rosato, Malatrasi, Schnellinger; Lodetti, Trappatoni; Hamrin, Sormani, Rivera, Prati.
Bayern: Maier; Kupferschmidt, Beckenbauer, Olk, Schwarzenbeck; Werner, Roth; Jung, Ohlhauser, Müller, Brenninger.

In a dramatic encounter of high quality, Italy's newly-crowned champions had the edge in technique, but the Germans gave away a ridiculous goal and can equally blame their 'keeper for the second.

● *Continued on page* 18

On reflection

I WAS sorry that because it was a disappointing Cup Final so many people were quick to say it was a bad one. I've seen worse in the last 18 years, and I think it would be wrong to overlook the part played by the slippery pitch, on which defenders knew from the start that if they missed a tackle it could well cost the match. It is all very well for those on the sideline to make arbitrary, academic judgments, but we don't have to go out and play the match. I would have thought that Everton's *attempts* to play football, at times, during the first 90 minutes were as good as anything seen in most of the earlier rounds. It's easy to get carried away with the idea that the Final is for the convenience of the spectators, and anyone who has ever played the game will know that the best intentions go astray under tension. The instinct for survival is no less strong in football than other walks of life.

As their manager Harry Catterick said afterwards, Everton, with six players under 22, are good enough and young enough to be back not once but several times. Yet to my mind the most interesting thing about Everton is not that they are one of the youngest teams ever to reach the final, but that under Catterick they are beginning to acquire some of the organisation and characteristics of the leading Continental teams.

DAVID MILLER
will be writing each month in "World Soccer"

Not long before the Final I went to talk to Catterick at the lavishly appointed training ground at Bellfield in West Derby, Liverpool, which Everton now use for all but match days — a secluded, leafy oasis which can be locked to the outside world if necessary, with car-park, three pitches, covered pitch, two sets of dressing-rooms, dining-room, games room, lecture theatre. Here is a self-contained, country-club style retreat where the players can concentrate exclusively on the job in hand, on physical and mental preparation, away from the seedy crowd of hangers-on which infests so many of our leading clubs. Goodison Park is now only the place where Everton players go for matches.

What Catterick had at the back of his mind when the club spent nearly £100,000 on the development of Bellfield was this: that the next big step in English soccer is the organisation, and to some extent control, of players' lives away from the ground. When matches so often hang not on skill but on some imponderable factor such as a player having trouble with his family, being pestered by creditors and so on, factors beyond the manager's control, the more he can do to stabilise the environment not just on the pitch but throughout the week, then the more chance there is that when the players run out on Saturday afternoon, irrevocably dependent on their own initiative, they will not forget all the week's work.

It was probably this acceptance of the fact that beyond a certain point a player is the captain of his fate that made Catterick stay on his bench during the extra-time interval at Wembley when, a goal down, his players knew better than he could ever tell them, what was at stake in the next 15 agonising minutes. Tactics were by now irrelevant: only character and will-power could reverse the tide of events. And as it proved, Everton's youngsters were already spent. This, of course, is a common physiological phenomenon — fitness and endurance are not synonymous.

The question of control of a player's private life is very finely balanced. Too much, and the mental stress can perhaps become greater than that which it seeks to eliminate. Of course, it can be a good thing to remove players,

Whoops! Contrary to what the camera suggests, Everton's Tommy Wright is kicking the ball and not Clive Clark of WBA. (A)

CONTROL OF PLAYERS' LIVES

like boxers, from their homes for one or possibly two days before each match, to protect them from the unpredictable pressures, mental and physical, which can occur. And it is often all too obvious that players do not know what is in their own best interest. Were I a manager I would make it a rule that players at all times, under penalty of a stiff fine, wore seat-belts when driving. The number of bad accidents in recent years is too great to be ignored.

Quite apart from the more serious risks to which players sometimes needlessly expose themselves, they are also surprisingly negligent in small matters of medical importance — the treatment of a blister that could turn septic for example — which can lead to their being unfit at the last minute. It is in this field, in daily routine detail, that Dr. Hilton Gosling of Brazil set standards that others have been slow to follow. Sir Alf Ramsey said recently in jest: "I sometimes think the only way to ensure that players are fully fit is to have them lined up naked every evening." There is more truth in this than might be thought.

With Everton, no chances are taken with the slightest injury. If a player has a knock that is anything more than a bruise on a Saturday, he goes straight into a nursing home until Monday. How otherwise can one be sure that he is not out dancing with friends till the small hours of Sunday, or digging the garden, and further damaging something that will otherwise quickly recover? There is the well known example of the player with a First Division club who retarded his recovery from a broken leg by months, by going out to play golf on one leg with the plaster still on the other. When players represent an investment of tens of thousands of pounds it is only reasonable to take the maximum precautions for their physical well-being.

For years our clubs and indeed our national teams have taken on tour abroad almost as many officials going for the ride as players. Only recently have they taken to including a qualified physician. We have, slowly, come a long way from the days when all that was considered necessary for the preparation of a football team was half a dozen laps of the pitch and a game of leap-frog.

by David Miller

Swiss Newsletter by Arthur Rotmil

SWITZERLAND is the home of the International Football Federation and the European Union, but inexplicably her domestic legislators have only just realised that the four-step rule compelling the goalkeepers to release the ball has been applied incorrectly by all custodians in this country. In effect, the Swiss were amazed to find foreign 'keepers catching the ball, dropping it and often dribbling to the edge of the area, picking it up again before kicking or throwing back into play.

Here, it was wrongly assumed that the 'keeper is only allowed four steps from the moment he first gathers the ball, be it on his goal-line or anywhere within the 18-yard box. No one imagined that the new law applied only in case of the custodian still holding the ball in his hands. The Swiss claim that the rules had been changed to stop time-wasting, but the SFV obviously misinterpreted FIFA's instructions thus putting domestic 'keepers at a great disadvantage throughout the 1967/68 season. However, in order to prevent any confusion they will continue with their present erroneous ruling till the end of the current championship.

Although the national side has completed its programme for this season, the prospect of the tough World Cup qualifying matches to come in the autumn is already casting shadows over those responsible for the preparation of a side capable of reaching Mexico in 1970. The Swiss are grouped with Portugal, Rumania and Greece but though the recent display against West Germany was fairly encouraging, one must realise the unique problems facing national manager Erwin Ballabio. His top stars are recruited from the German-, French- and Italian-speaking parts of the country. A great rivalry and various jealousies have always existed between those racially and linguistically such different communities. They get no help from the press who continually throw bricks at each other. The Latin-Swiss, for instance, would like to see the national team employ a style based on artistry and technique while the German-Swiss want to copy the robust, power game of their West German neighbours. Ballabio's task is to find a system suitable to both sides, trying to integrate the softer Latins into the tougher Germanic method. It is true that when the Swiss don their red shirts with the white cross, they forget their differences but it is the controversy that rages before they are selected which causes the unrest and can hardly be conducive to morale.

The League championship took a dramatic turn with FC Zürich's great 1-0 victory at Lugano, to depose the leaders. Three games from the end, it looks odds on Mantula's men for the title, which seemed remote after their bad start to the season.

Leading scorers:

Künzli (Zürich) 25
Blättler (Grasshoppers) ... 15
Brenna (Lugano) and Kerkhoffs (Lausanne) ... 14
Richter (Lucerne) 12

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Zürich	**23**	**14**	**6**	**3**	**57**	**22**	**34**
Grasshoppers	23	14	4	5	49	22	32
Lugano	23	14	4	5	45	29	32
Basle	23	12	5	6	44	29	29
Lausanne	23	11	6	6	59	39	28
Lucerne	23	11	4	8	47	53	26
Biel	23	9	5	9	40	39	23
Young Boys	23	7	7	9	31	38	21
Sion	23	6	9	8	28	36	21
Servette	23	8	4	11	36	34	20
Bellinzona	23	8	4	11	23	33	20
Chaux-de-Fonds	23	6	6	11	34	44	18
Young Fellows	23	2	6	15	16	53	10
Grenchen	23	3	2	18	17	55	8

German Newsletter by Arthur Rotmil

THE absence of six first choice men, plus injuries to two key players during the match, proved too much of a handicap to the national side who could only draw 1-1 with Wales at Cardiff, on May 8. Beckenbauer and Maier were released to play for Bayern in the Cup-Winners' Cup semi-final against AC Milan, while the Bundesliga's top scorer Löhr, the find of the season Volkert, together with the Hamburg stars Seeler and Schulz, were all ruled out through injury.

Every game is now regarded as a trial before the World Cup qualifying rounds, so perhaps manager Helmut Schön might have been induced to launch some new faces and try out another attacking combination. In the event, two new caps were given to Brunswick's giant centre-half Joachim Bäse, 28, and Dortmund's Willi Neuberger, 22. World Cup men Held and Overath celebrated another return but both Laumen and Köppel were played out of position. Team: Wolter; Vogts, Bäse, Weber, Höttges; Fichtel, Overath; Laumen, Neuberger, Held, Köppel.

Wales were also weakened and neither side was helped by the heavy ground, the chilly and damp atmosphere which limited the attendance to a truly miserable 8,000. The Germans controlled the opening exchanges and after 11 minutes Weber served his club-mate Overath, who dribbled past four defenders to score with a tremendous drive. Wales retaliated strongly but were foiled by Wolter, who sustained a leg injury following a scramble and had to be replaced by Bremen's Bernard. Within 60 seconds the hosts equalised through a header by Ron Davies. For the Germans, Laumen missed two great chances then their best forward and captain Overath limped off with a bad ankle and his place was taken by Netzer. In a final rally Neuberger had the winner at his feet but fired against the bar.

At club level, Hamburger SV did well to reach the Cup-Winners' Cup final but failed to complete a hat-trick of German victories. Two early goals by Swedish veteran winger Kurt Hamrin, gave the newly crowned champions of Italy, AC Milan, a 2-0 win at Rotterdam. HSV had more of the game and attacked for long spells but the Italian defence, superbly marshalled by their German (!) sweeper Schnellinger, stood firm and so Milan, who won the Champions' Cup in 1963, became the first club to collect the two major European trophies.

In the domestic Cup semi-finals, Cologne thrilled a capacity 53,000 home crowd by defeating Borussia Dortmund 3-0 with goals from Thielen and Löhr (2), but there was a sensation in the other tie, when Regional Liga West-team VfL Bochum, k.o.d the holders, Bayern Munich, by 2-1. Forty-one thousand fans went wild with delight as the hosts slammed in two goals in the 6th and 56th minutes before Ohlhauser netted a last-seconds consolation score for the hapless visitors.

Finally, salute FC Nürnberg who clinched the Bundesliga title to become German champions for the ninth time in their history. Previous titles: in 1920, 1921, 1924, 1925, 1927, 1936, 1948 and 1961.

BUNDESLIGA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Nürnberg	**33**	**18**	**9**	**6**	**69**	**36**	**45**
Werder Bremen	33	17	8	8	66	50	42
Bor. Mön-Glad.	33	15	11	7	77	45	41
Bayern Munich	33	16	5	12	65	55	37
Eint. Frankfurt	33	15	7	11	58	51	37
Cologne	33	16	4	13	66	51	36
MSV Duisburg	33	13	9	11	66	55	35
Eint. Brunswick	33	15	5	13	36	37	35
VfB Stuttgart	33	13	7	13	61	53	33
Hamburger SV	33	11	11	11	50	50	33
Hannover	33	12	9	12	46	50	33
Aleman. Aachen	33	13	7	13	50	64	33
1860 Munich	33	11	10	12	55	39	32
Borussia Dort.	33	12	7	14	59	57	31
Schalke	33	11	7	15	42	48	29
Kaiserslautern	33	8	11	14	38	66	27
Bor. Neunkirchen	33	7	5	21	32	91	19
Karlsruher	33	6	4	23	31	69	16

European Statistics

continued from page 16

(Second leg)

Cardiff City **2**
Dean (11), Harris (78).
Hamburger SV **3**
Hönig 2 (16, 91), Seeler (56).

Cardiff. Att. 50,000. Ref. Van Ravens (Holland).

Cardiff: Wilson; Carver, Murray, Harris, Ferguson; Clarke, Toshack; Jones, Dean, King, Lea.

HSV: Ozcan; Sandmann, Horst, Hellfritz, Kurbjuhn; Krämer, Schulz (H.); Dieckmann, Seeler, Hönig, Dorfel.

Cardiff's courageous bid for European glory ended abruptly at home, but they had plenty of chances at the start, then faded badly, allowing the tough Germans to hit back with a soft winner in the proverbial dying seconds.

Bayern Munich **0**
AC Milan **0**

Munich. Att. 44,000. Ref. Dienst (Switzerland).

Bayern: Maier; Schwarzenbeck, Beckenbauer, Olk, Kupferschmidt; Werner, Roth; Jung, Ohlhauser, Müller, Brenninger.

Milan: Cudicini; Anquilletti, Rosato, Malatrasi, Schnellinger; Lodetti, Trappatoni; Hamrin, Sormani, Rivera, Prati.

The Germans launched furious assaults from the start, but though they hit the bar and post, the clever Italians managed continually to slow the game down and were rewarded by putting out the holders.

FINAL

AC Milan **2**
Hamrin (3, 19)
Hamburger SV **0**

Rotterdam. Att. 60,000. Ref. Ortiz de Mendibil (Spain).

Milan: Cudicini; Anquiletti, Rosato, Scala, Schnellinger; Lodetti, Trappatoni; Hamrin, Sormani, Riveri, Prati.

HSV: Ozcan; Sandmann, Schulz, Horst, Kurbjuhn; Dieckmann, Kramer; B. Dorfel, Seeler, Hornig, G. Dorfel.

With Uwe Seeler unable to escape the attentions of Karl-Heinz Schnellinger, the Hamburg team was easily contained by the Italians, for whom veteran Swedish outside-right Hamrin struck twice, first in three minutes and the second after a splendid solo run. Twenty-five thousand Germans attended, but only 900 made the trek from Italy.

DEBUT BOYS SHINE

Welsh News
by Peter Jackson

RODNEY THOMAS is a strapping 21-year-old full-back from Third Division Swindon with a bright Welsh international future. His performance in the 1-1 draw against West Germany at Ninian Park certainly satisfied Wales team-manager Dave Bowen.

Clearly Thomas—pressed into service against the Germans after the withdrawal through injury of Leicester's Peter Rodrigues—will be among the Welsh playing pool for the World Cup qualifying matches against Italy and East Germany.

For Thomas it was only his second senior international outing. He grabbed the opportunity with both hands and Bowen was also cheered by the workmanlike performance of debutant wing-half David Powell.

The 23-year-old from Wrexham, thrust in because of Terry Hennessey's neck injury, worked hard enough to bridge the considerable gulf between Fourth Division and the international variety.

But Thomas and Powell apart, Bowen can't have been too pleased with his team's performance against a West German side which used only four of its 1966 World Cup final team.

Said Bowen: "It was a match we should have won. We had the chances and allowed them to get away. Still it was a good result".

WORRIED

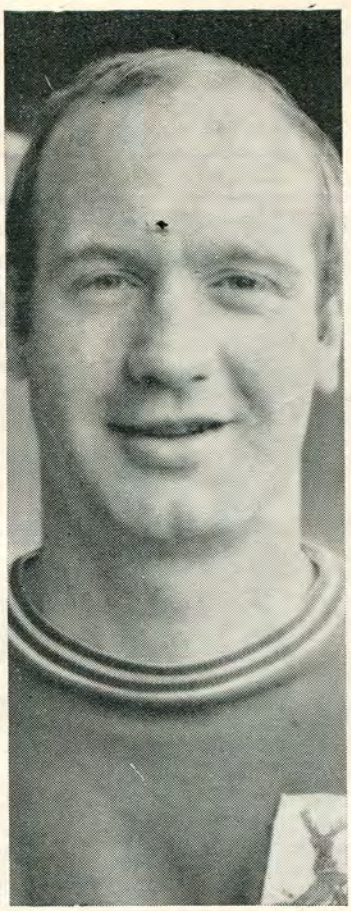
The performances of Wyn Davies and Cliff Jones must have left Bowen worried. Each missed comparatively simple second-half chances in a match which satisfied German chief Helmut Schön.

"We are building a new side", said Schön. "Wales are a hard team. Not many countries will come here and beat them".

Wolfgang Overath, clearly the game's most gifted player, shot the Germans into an early lead and it took a perfect header from ace marksman Ron Davies to bring Wales a 25th minute equaliser. In the end the Welsh, after tossing aside their chances, staved off defeat more by good fortune than by organised defence.

The match was watched by just a handful more than 8,000 spectators—believed to be the lowest gate for a senior international at Ninian Park.

Disappointed Welsh FA officials will probably come to the conclusion that the international was played at a time when the South Wales soccer public was suffering the hangover effects of Cardiff City's sensational ECWC semi-final against SV Hamburg.



TERRY HENNESSEY.

When Cardiff flew home from Hamburg with the satisfaction of a 1-1 draw from the first-leg at the Volkspark, they were entitled to feel that one foot was already in the final at Rotterdam.

After all if Cardiff could draw away from home, then surely they could win at home. The match drew Ninian Park's biggest club attendance for many years—and the 43,000 will never forget what happened that night.

Many fans had made provisional bookings for the Rotterdam final long before the game and when Norman Dean swept Cardiff ahead after ten minutes it seemed to be confirmation—that fiction would become fact.

DECIDER

For Dean, a transfer-listed reserve, it was completion of a hat-trick of ECWC goals. His first was struck in the quarter-final decider against Moscow Torpedo at Augsburg, his second in the fourth minute at Hamburg.

Cardiff's shrewd manager Jimmy Scoular knew after the first-leg that Franz-Josef Honig could cause trouble. And it was Honig who hammered Hamburg level midway through the first-half with the sort of 20-yard shot which either hits the back of the stand or the back of the net.

If Hamburg had missed chances in the first-leg, then Cardiff missed them in what was to prove a fatal period during the last 20 minutes of the first half.

Hamburg held on and then Cardiff goalkeeper Bob Wilson made the first of his two second-half blunders. He misjudged a lob from Uwe Seeler—Hamburg were ahead 2-1.

Cardiff skipper Brian Harris, who hit a 78th minute equaliser, said afterwards: "I couldn't see us losing. At the very least we would have a play-off".

Hamburg were content to play for the decider in Jutland. When Honig broke across the halfway line in injury time, his one intention was to give defensive colleagues a breather.

When no Cardiff defender challenged him, the German decided to strike hopefully from 25 yards. The final, cruel act of Cardiff's amazing European crusade was almost unbelievable.

Wilson, perhaps slow in making his save, fumbled—Honig's shot spun over his groping arms and trickled in. There was time only for Cardiff to place the ball in the centre, kick off and then Dutch referee Laurens van Ravens said it was all over.

Wilson, the reserve-team goalkeeper whose brilliance at Augsburg enabled Cardiff to

● *Continued on page* 34

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Searching the Soccer Scene

BRAZIL—have strength in depth

with ARTHUR ROTMIL

Real Madrid players, wearing their tracksuits (read on), relax in Manchester prior to the match with United. Left to right: Araquistain, Gonzalez, Perez, Zunzunegui and Sanchis. The baby is two-year-old Elizabeth Ferrari, a local girl.

ONE of the most popular misconceptions which prevails in the world of soccer concerns the estimate of so-called "strength-in-depth" in any particular country. Frankly, I fail to see how anyone can state with any degree of certainty that the leading 20, 50 or 100 clubs from one soccer nation are better than the same number from another country, since no direct comparisons are possible.

No such contest has ever taken place or is ever likely to and therefore an assumption that teams from the Third or Fourth Divisions of, say, Italy, are stronger or weaker than their counterparts from Spain or Russia for example, must remain purely and simply in the realms of fantasy.

I am equally unconvinced that the greatest number of first-class teams exists in any European country and give no prizes for guessing which nation must be rated (if we are to indulge in suppositions) as the strongest in depth: Brazil — where an estimated 17 million people play football in some form or another. This theory is confirmed by several European experts notably from France who spent some time in South America recently and studied football played at all levels.

Brazil has up till now conducted her League Championship on a regional basis with each of the 21 States running their own programme. This clearly is the main reason why many soccer followers, especially those who can never see beyond their own backyard, have conveniently ignored in their assessments the country with the largest reservoir of soccer talent on earth; the nation with the best record in the World Cup and the conveyor-belt which delivered such all-time greats as Pelé, Garrincha, Didi, Ademir, Leonidas, Nilton Santos and many other world-class stars in far greater numbers than any European country has ever produced.

Next year, however, Brazil will launch at last a National League and without doubt, the grouping of such teams as Santos, Botafogo, Vasco da Gama, Palmeiras, Flamengo, Fluminense, Cruzeiro, Corinthians — in short, the *élite* of clubs from the various States, will provide them with the finest First Division in the world. Make no mistake, the standard of Brazilian club football, particularly at home, is exceptionally high and it would be foolish to judge its quality on the performance of the badly prepared and over-confident national side during the last World Cup. The imminent reorganisation of their league football will be of immense value, creating high-class competition with an inevitable rise in general standards and must ultimately lead to the renaissance of the national eleven which should restore the former glory to the most soccer-conscious nation of them all.

The Brazilian fans are among the most fanatical but also loyal to their heroes. Recently, the game between Vasco da Gama and Botafogo drew a crowd of 154,721 paying spectators to establish a new receipts record of £50,000. A clear indication that the enthusiasm for the game is as high as ever. The formation of a Brazilian Super League will help to smash the world attendance records for League matches. It might also help to put the country back where it belongs: at the top, as undisputed champions of the world.

Foreigners in demand

THE sleepy Cheshire village of Lymm awoke one Sunday afternoon in April to find in their midst the footballers of one of the world's most distinguished clubs, Real Madrid. Dozens of youthful fans paraded every day, controlled by three policemen, outside the hotel — which hoisted Real's and Spain's national flags — armed with autograph books, souvenir editions of Manchester papers, albums, scrap-books, pieces of notepaper, anything in fact to thrust before the omni-patient Spaniards who arrived to tackle United in the first leg of their European Cup semi-final.

I was the only journalist accommodated with Real's party for three days and invited by their management to dine and wine with the players, partly in return for some interpreting services. Having helped numerous overseas teams in similar circumstances let me say that rarely have I seen such a composed and unconcerned bunch of soccer men before a big occasion. Manager Miguel Muñoz looked like a monument to calmness while most of his charges appeared totally unmoved by the blaze of publicity exuded by reporters, commentators, photographers and television staff not only from England and Spain but all over Europe, since the game was seen live on TV-screens of 15 countries.

A few weeks earlier, when I stayed with the Górnik team in another Cheshire hide-out, at Wilmslow, the atmosphere was tense

and the pre-match anticipation among the Polish players almost paralysing. Goal-ace Lubanski kept reminding everybody that the whole of Poland will be glued to their sets and his own entire family arranged to meet at his parents' home to dine and follow his every move in the match. Other Polish players expressed similar apprehensions. It was a miracle that they resisted for an hour before conceding the first goal at Old Trafford. Yet, whilst in England, they were offered more diversions than Real, having been to two gay receptions organised by the large Polish community, visited the "Black and White Minstrel" show and entertained a multitude of Polish migrants who travelled from far and wide to see and cheer their compatriots.

Real, whose officials stayed in Manchester itself, were more or less left to their own devices but they certainly slept twice as long as the Poles. No Madrid player would leave his room much before noon, having breakfasted in bed at 10 a.m. Górnik men ate at 9, in the restaurant, and took numerous shopping trips to town, even after the match! Not to mention the various "business deals" the players were constantly clinching with dozens of locally based Poles, offering a selection of merchandise to be "exported" to Poland.

Real's players consumed the largest quantities of food imaginable and were allowed bottles of Spanish wine with their main meals. The Poles ate modestly and washed it down with ... orange squash. The Spaniards preferred to dress in their track suits while Górnik's men stuck to their suits, including collar and tie.

The Spanish club's venerable president, Don Santiago Bernabeu, climbed out of a chauffeur-driven Humber limousine, provided by Manchester United, and insisted on speaking English. "I badly need some practice," he told me. He arrived at Lymm on the eve of the match to address his players in a morale-boosting speech. He has now been associated with the club for 47 (!) years and recently celebrated 25 years as chairman. No praise can be too high for his wonderful achievement in transforming a struggling sports club into the best known soccer outfit in the world.

Milan's "stopper" Rosato.

Having already realised his dream of winning a European Cup with an all-Spanish XI (1966), Don Santiago confided: "I was hoping that the ban on imports of foreign players to Spain would be lifted, but unfortunately we must wait until the 1970 World Cup is over. Spanish soccer needs new faces, an injection of foreign stars with world-wide acclaim. I am fascinated by the prospect of a Beckenbauer or Eusebio in Real's colours," he added.

Spain's First Division clubs recently voted 11-5 in favour of the ban being lifted or at least modified. It is said that the fans, too, would like to welcome new foreign stars. Of course, the Spaniards remember their profitable experiences with such imports as Di Stefano, Santamaria and Rial from South America, Kopa and Muller of France and the Hungarians Puskas, Kubala, Kocsis and Czibor, to mention only a few. But Spain's highest authority rejected the decision of the clubs, who will now have to wait — at least another two years.

Milan are tops

THE Italian League championship ended in a resounding victory for AC Milan, who established six new records and equalled two, for a series comprising 16 teams. 1, They have gained maximum number of points: 46; 2, They finished nine points clear of second placed Napoli; 3, Milan were beaten only twice — at Varese and at home by Cagliari; 4, They suffered only one away defeat; 5, Milan claimed the longest unbeaten run — losing after 15 games; 6, They were the only side to score at least once in every away match. With 25 points obtained in the second half of the programme and five successive away wins, Milan equalled existing records in this country.

It has been a curious season in many ways. Goals were as scarce as ever, only 487 in 240 games, for an average of 2,029 — the lowest of any league in Europe. This decline, over the past ten seasons, is shown by the following table:

	Goals	Average
1958–59	897	2.93
1959–60	792	2.58
1960–61	812	2.65
1961–62	770	2.51
1962–63	741	2.42
1963–64	647	2.011
1964–65	640	2.009
1965–66	668	2.16
1966–67	613	2.003
1967–68	487	2.029

But despite the reduction from 18 to 16 teams, attendances have risen appreciably. These figures show the average of paying spectators, excluding season-ticket holders:

1962–63	13.362
1963–64	15.198
1964–65	14.260
1965–66	14.753
1966–67	14.933
1967–68	16.458

AC Milan, who have scored more goals since the war than any other Italian team, have always played high quality soccer based on technique and pleasing to the eye.

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP

● *Continued from page 5*

pean Championship matches Banks had scarcely a shot to save.

The beginning and end products of attack, however, were close to complete failure. Although, in the last match against Russia, England scored two goals, the second was a fortuitous score after the ball had broken kindly to Hurst, first off Logofet and then the goalkeeper, Psenitchnikov.

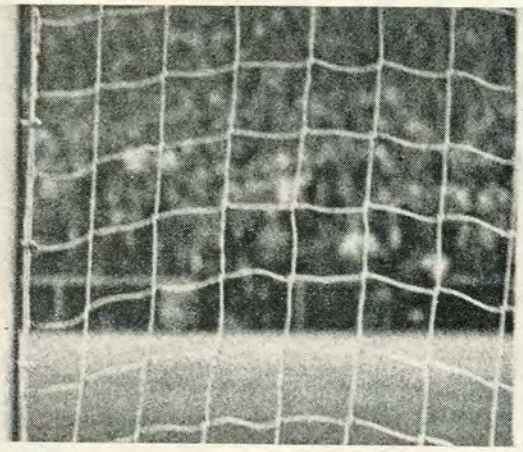
Charlton could be excused against Yugoslavia, suffering as he was from an enlarged gland in his groin, a disturbing if not serious injury. But Hunt could somehow never master the ball when effectively challenged, never summon up some incisive force, some flair to take control of the situation.

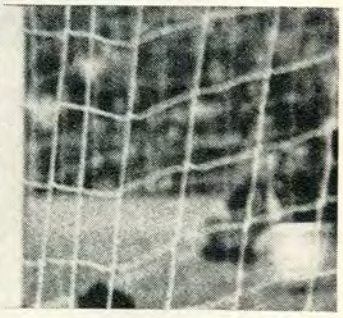
There is no reason, for all that, to advocate sweeping changes by Ramsey as the World Cup comes nearer. For one thing, I doubt whether they will happen; for another, they may not prove necessary. Newton played against the dazzling Dzajic as well as any full-back could possibly have done; and if Labone's powers of recovery remind one of a Mini driver trying to park a Bentley, there is still time for him to improve, as Jackie Charlton did before him. Mullery is certainly as mobile as Stiles and far more creative; a pity he is such a creature of impulse. This was the second time I had seen him sent off in a big European match (the first time was at Lyon, with Spurs) — under provocation, leaving him upset and ashamed afterwards. Ball must be in Mexico; and so must Peters, whose bad matches in Italy showed how much he had contributed before. But we need at least one striker, at least one provider, with Bell and Marsh on the short list. And, paradoxically, a *short* run for Manchester United in the European Cup, to keep Charlton fresh and in one piece.

Experience is of vital importance, because England must steel themselves against the war of nerves that accompanies the pursuit of success. Their players are famous and infamous; as Nobby Stiles found when every move he made, even of conspicuous propriety, against Russia resulted in jeers at the Stadio Communale. One must pause for reflection on the power and injustice of television, which dubbed Stiles a villain, really, on the basis of two bad fouls against France that millions saw in the World Cup.

This same medium, which magnified England's victory at Wembley two years ago, has made the pressure upon them more relentless. Every team wants to beat them, by raising its game, and, if necessary, by lowering its ethics. They must expect more hostility from spectators, more violence on the field, more exasperating histrionics. If they are to keep the World Cup in Mexico, a task that makes Everest seem a tiny hill, they must rise above it all. There would be no harm in remembering the enduring remark by Zito of Brazil, after a Chilean had spat in his face during the 1962 World Cup semi-final: "We are the champions, and prepared even for this."

European Commentary





Gento (far left) scores Real's third goal against Manchester United in Madrid. Gordon Jeffery uses this goal as an example in his story.

by GORDON JEFFERY

Disappointing Television

BEFORE the events, indeed in the particular case of the European Cup-Winners' Cup before Cardiff City's remarkably fine effort to reach the Final had so narrowly, and so unfortunately, failed, FIFA announced that the Cup-Winners' Cup Final on May 23 and the Champions' Cup Final on May 29 would be televised in 30 European countries. The only three countries not interested were Albania, Iceland and Turkey.

There were some few reservations about the times of transmission with this, for example, deferred in West Germany in respect of the Champions' Cup Final. The remaining 29 countries were, on the information to hand in April 1968, to receive the transmission live. Similarly —again according to FIFA's information — there was uncertainty about the time of televising the Cup-Winners' match in Austria and Wales and it seemed that it might not be televised at all in France. There appeared to be no question but that it would be televised in Britain. And presumably it would have been had Cardiff progressed to the Final. When they did not the assumption was that British interest was nil. Yet, at virtually the same time, there was a big build-up by the BBC—and the Independent Television people hastened to join in—about the Champions' Cup Final. Of course this was being played at Wembley and Manchester United were one of the finalists, but although that explains the attitude of the British television authorities it scarcely excuses their neglect of the Cup-Winners' Final, and, worse, the contempt with which that attitude treats football enthusiasts in Britain.

The BBC, who will have made an excellent job of televising the Champions' Cup Final, will probably take it for granted that a majority of countries in Europe will be taking the programme on Eurovision. Although only an English and a Portuguese club are directly involved in the Final, the Dutch and the Swedish and the Italian and the Spanish and the Czech and the Hungarian and all the rest of the national television authorities will accept that football fans in their respective countries will be eager to see the match on television. Why then does the BBC think that the British football fans are indifferent to any competition once their representatives have been eliminated?

Returning

I saw the England-Sweden match at Wembley in the company of a Czech friend who was returning the next day to Prague. He would be home in time to comfortably watch on his television set the European Cup-Winners' Cup Final played in Rotterdam. I waited until nearly midnight for even the score on the British radio—and got no more than the score! And the bare score was about as much as many British papers were prepared to give of a match that must rank second only in importance to the Champions' Cup Final in European club football.

There were honourable exceptions, of course, and a number of leading newspaper football writers and reporters made the trip to Rotterdam with the England–Sweden match safely disposed of—amongst them was the one-time Arsenal and England player, Bernard Joy, and his paper, the London *Evening Standard*, gave quite generous space to his comments on the match in which AC Milan smoothly beat Hamburg by two goals to nil. Hamburg, as we saw in their matches against Cardiff in particular, give the impression of being an ageing team, quite badly needing new and younger players before they find themselves having trouble in keeping a place in the German First Division let alone getting into the European picture again. (They may, of course, have some hopes of getting in next season's Cup-Winners' Cup competition as the beaten finalists in a year when the winners, AC Milan, will be appearing in the Champions' Cup competition!) It seems possible, therefore, that Milan's positive, attacking play owed as much to the expectation (that was realised) of Hamburg's somewhat pedestrian play as to any complete abandonment of Italian caution. But, as Bernard Joy instanced, there are signs that "Milan have opened the door slightly, but firmly, to the fresh wind of attacking football in Italy".

Nereo Rocco (Jimmy Greaves' Italian friend!), told Bernard Joy —"We set out to beat the *cattenaccio* defensive system by attacking it from two or three directions at once. We have the ability and the method to continue doing so."

Employed

And, as Bernard Joy noted in the Final, although Schnellinger, no doubt with the assistance of Rosato, was employed as a sweeper in opposition to his World Cup captain, Uwe Seeler, Milan did have their bright new boy, Prati, Sormani and the Swedish winger, Hamrin, consistently up front in attacking positions.

It all reads convincingly but I have doubts. Milan did win the Italian Championship and their local rivals, Inter, the arch-exponents of negative football, were, after losing their last League match by the odd goal in five away to Cagliari, down to sharing sixth place with Bologna in a 16-club division. And the news that will be confirmed by the time you read this, I expect, is that Helenio Herrera has left Inter and Italian football. Yet, despite the clear margin of Milan's championship victory—nine points ahead of Naples, the runners-up (easily a record for an Italian First Divi-

sion of 16 clubs—since the war it has been first 20 and latterly 18 strong), goals have not been prolific. In 30 matches Milan scored 53 goals for an average of 1.77 per match—to be compared with Manchester City's 86 goals in 42 matches for an average of 2.05 per match. But should Milan be compared with Manchester City? A fairer comparison is with the other 15 Italian First Division clubs from Mantova, bottom placed, with 13 goals to Inter with 46, and a goal-average overall of 2.029 per match—an improvement on the previous season when the average was 2.003 but still some way behind the 2.93 of 1958–59 before the lure of the European club prizes snared the clubs into believing that the way to victory was to wait for mistakes to be made by the opposition.

Negative

This obsession with mistakes seems to me, more and more, to be the real issue between what we like to call negative and positive football, defensive and attacking play. Consider, for example, the last two occasions when the FA Cup Final has been goalless at the end of 90 minutes' play — this season's Everton–West Bromwich Albion and the Leeds–Liverpool of three years before. Leeds, newly promoted from the Second Division, had been racing neck-and-neck with Manchester United for the Football League Championship (they finished equal on points but with a much inferior goal-average — mainly because they conceded far more goals!): Liverpool were the reigning champions but, partly because they had been making a strong challenge for the European Champions' Cup, had dropped out of the Football League race. They did, however, have their semi-final European match against Inter to come but a few days after the FA Cup Final. Manchester United apart, it was a rare final between the two leading English clubs. Yet the match itself, until extra time, was dismissed as a bore by many spectators — and commentators. I liked it three years ago — and liked it even more after the Everton–WBA Final. Now that Final, although neither club could be counted amongst the top three and Albion not in the first ten, had been written-up as a likely thriller between sides who, much as Rocco has suggested of AC Milan, have abandoned pre-occupation with defence. Essentially, however, the difference between the Leeds–Liverpool 90 minutes and the Everton–West Bromwich was that in the earlier match two good teams had waited and waited for a mistake to be made; in the later match neither of two (on the day) ordinary teams were able to take advantage of mistakes. Which adds up to the better football — stalemate because of no mistakes or no goals because of the failure to take chances? More, is a three-two result with every goal coming from a defensive blunder better evidence of attacking football than a one-nil result from a goal *made* by the scoring side?

Mistake

Recall the Real Madrid–Manchester United second-leg semi-final in Madrid—a missed kick by a United defender in his own half of the field but not far from the centre-line, and the ball comes through to the unhampered Gento. Gento with United in pursuit but no player between him and the goal, runs on and scores. A goal from a defensive mistake but a mistake that less open sides than United would have covered. A similar missed kick by Leeds, for example, might have reached Gento but another defender would have been less than five yards away by the time he had the ball under control. So if mistakes are not to be too expensive a club must organise themselves to constantly cover each player—which obviously means a movement towards defence but not necessarily wholly defensive play.

Gento took advantage of that mistake — Everton, particularly unhappy Jimmy Husband, failed to gain from Albion's mistakes. Against guarded and efficient opposition, in other words, it is no use waiting for them to make mistakes unless you have players who can grab at the chances offered—and the measure of the most valuable players of today is their ability to score from half-chances against the best opposition (those quickest to cover a mistake). George Best seems to me to be outstanding in his ability to score in such situations—much as Denis Law did, and we all hope will do again if this wretched knee trouble can be cleared up. Bobby Charlton on the other hand is exceptional as a player who makes his own chances; Martin Peters in slipping through to rightly anticipate chances.

All sides make defensive mistakes—what varies is the extent to which they are prepared to cover mistakes, to insure against them with a defender behind a defender behind a defender behind a defender until the whole team almost disappears in a closing circle around the goal! and the sharpness with which their own attackers can take advantage of opponents' errors.

Milan have gained enormously from the emergence of Pierino Prati as a goalscorer during the past season—they were slightly in front at the halfway stage with 21 points compared with Varese 19 and Juventus and Naples each 18, but it was over the second half of the season when Prati developed that they gained 25 points (six more than any other club) and pulled away from their challengers. But Prati, the leading Italian goalscorer with 15 goals—Riva scored 18 last season, Angelillo 33 in 1958–59 in 18-club divisions, had both Rivera and Sormani (11 goals apiece) of his team-mates also in the Italian top ten scoring list. Hamrin was not far behind with eight goals—still a fair crop in Italian football with, for example, Mazzola scoring six goals—his Inter team-mate and back Facchetti actually scored one more goal than Mazzola.

Martin Peters excels "in slipping through to rightly anticipate chances!" (Mac)

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33 MATCHES: 43 PLAYERS

1.	12. 9.56	Anderlecht	0	Manchester Utd.	2	(Viollet, Taylor)
2.	26. 9.56	Manchester Utd.	10	Anderlecht	0	(Viollet 4, Taylor 3, Whelan 2, Berry)
3.	17.10.56	Manchester Utd.	3	Bor. Dortmund	2	(Viollet 2, Burgsmuller o.g.)
4.	21.11.56	Bor. Dortmund	0	Manchester Utd.	0	
5.	16. 1.57	Atletico Bilbao	5	Manchester Utd.	3	(Taylor, Viollet, Whelan)
6.	6. 2.57	Manchester Utd.	3	Atletico Bilbao	0	(Viollet, Taylor, Berry)
7.	11. 4.57	Real Madrid	3	Manchester Utd.	1	(Taylor)
8.	25. 4.57	Manchester Utd.	2	Real Madrid	2	(Taylor, CHARLTON)
9.	25. 9.57	Shamrock Rov.	0	Manchester Utd.	6	(Whelan 2, Taylor 2, Berry, Pegg)
10.	2.10.57	Manchester Utd.	3	Shamrock Rovers	2	(Viollet 2, Pegg)
11.	20.11.57	Manchester Utd.	3	Dukla Prague	0	(Webster, Taylor, Whelan)
12.	4.12.57	Dukla Prague	1	Manchester Utd.	0	
13.	14. 1.58	Manchester Utd.	2	Red Star Belgrade	1	(CHARLTON, Colman)
14.	5. 2.58	Red Star Belgrade	3	Manchester Utd.	3	(Viollet, CHARLTON 2)
15.	8. 5.58	Manchester Utd.	2	AC Milan	1	(Viollet, E. Taylor pen.)
16.	14. 5.58	AC Milan	4	Manchester Utd.	0	
17.	22. 9.65	HJK Helsinki	2	Manchester Utd.	3	(Herd, Connelly, Law)
18.	6.10.65	Manchester Utd.	6	HJK Helsinki	0	(Connelly 3, BEST 2, CHARLTON)
19.	17.11.65	ASK Vorwarts	0	Manchester Utd.	2	(Law, Connelly)
20.	1.12.65	Manchester Utd.	3	ASK Vorwarts	1	(Herd 3)
21.	2. 2.66	Manchester Utd.	3	Benfica	2	(Herd, Law, FOULKES)
22.	9. 3.66	Benfica	1	Manchester Utd.	5	(BEST 2, Connelly, CRERAND, CHARLTON)
23.	13. 4.66	Partizan Belgrade	2	Manchester Utd.	0	
24.	20. 4.66	Manchester Utd.	1	Partizan Belgrade	0	(Soskic o.g.)
25.	20. 9.67	Manchester Utd.	4	Hibernian (Malta)	0	(Law 2, SADLER 2)
26.	27. 9.67	Hibernian	0	Manchester Utd.	0	
27.	15.11.67	Sarajevo	0	Manchester Utd.	0	
28.	29.11.67	Manchester Utd.	2	Sarajevo	1	(BEST, ASTON)
29.	28. 2.68	Manchester Utd.	2	Gornik Zabrze	0	(BEST, KIDD)
30.	13. 3.68	Gornik Zabrze	1	Manchester Utd.	0	
31.	24. 4.68	Manchester Utd.	1	Real Madrid	0	(BEST)
32.	15. 5.68	Real Madrid	3	Manchester Utd.	3	(Zoco o.g., SADLER, FOULKES)
33.	29. 5.68	Manchester Utd.	4	Benfica	1	(CHARLTON 2, BEST, KIDD)

P	W	D	L	F	A
33	21	6	6	82	38

Scorers:

Viollet	13	T. Taylor	11	Charlton	8	Best	8	Whelan	6
Connelly	6	Herd	5	Law	5	Berry	3	Sadler	3
Pegg	2	Foulkes	2	Kidd	2	Webster	1	Colman	1
E. Taylor	1	Crerand	1	Aston	1	own goals	3		

Appearances:

Foulkes	30	Charlton	21	A. Dunne	17	Crerand	16	Best	15
Stiles	15	Byrne	14	T. Taylor	14	Colman	13	Edwards	13
Wood	12	Pegg	12	Berry	11	Whelan	11	Viollet	11
Law	11	Jones	10	Gregg	9	Stepney	9	Sadler	9
Kidd	9	Brennan	8	Connelly	8	Herd	8	Aston	8
Burns	7	Webster	5	Blanchflower	4	Morgans	4	Goodwin	3
Scanlon	3	Fitzpatrick	3	Cantwell	3	McGuinness	2	Greaves	2
Cope	2	Crowther	2	E. Taylor	2	Pearson	2	P. Dunne	2
Gaskell	1	Anderson	1	Ryan	1				

. . . MANCHESTER UNITED

GORDON JEFFERY

FIRST PHASE: 1956-58

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Ray Wood	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	—	—	—	—
BILL FOULKES	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB
Roger Byrne	LB	LB	LB	LB	LB	LB	LB	LB	LB	LB	LB	LB	LB	LB	—	—
Eddie Colman	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	—	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	—	—
Mark Jones	CH	CH	CH	CH	CH	CH	—	—	—	CH	—	CH	CH	CH	—	—
Duncan Edwards	LH	LH	LH	IL	LH	LH	LH	LH	LH	—	LH	LH	LH	LH	—	—
John Berry	OR	OR	OR	OR	OR	OR	OR	OR	OR	OR	OR	—	—	—	—	—
Bill Whelan	IR	IR	IR	IR	IR	IR	IR	IR	IR	—	IR	IR	—	—	—	—
Tommy Taylor	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	—	—
Dennis Viollet	IL	IL	IL	—	IL	IL	—	—	IL	IL	—	—	IL	IL	IL	IL
David Pegg	OL	OL	OL	OL	OL	OL	OL	OL	OL	OL	OL	OL	—	—	—	—
Wilf McGuinness	—	—	—	LH	—	—	—	—	—	LH	—	—	—	—	—	—
Jackie Blanchflower	—	—	—	—	—	—	CH	CH	CH	—	CH	—	—	—	—	—
BOBBY CHARLTON	—	—	—	—	—	—	IL	IL	—	—	—	—	IR	IR	—	—
Fred Goodwin	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	RH	—	—	—	—	—	RH	RH
Colin Webster	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	IR	IL	IL	—	—	CF	CF
Albert Scanlon	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	OR	OL	OL	—	—
Harry Gregg	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	G	G	G	G
Ken Morgans	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	OR	OR	OR	OR
Ian Greaves	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	LB	LB
Ronald Cope	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	CH	CH
Stan Crowther	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	LH	LH
Ernie Taylor	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	IR	IR
Mark Pearson	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	OL	OL

SECOND PHASE: 1965-68

	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
John Gaskell	G	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SHAY BRENNAN	RB	RB	—	—	—	RB	RB	RB	—	—	—	RB	—	—	—	RB	RB
TONY DUNNE	LB	LB	RB	RB	RB	LB	LB	LB	RB	RB	RB	LB	RB	RB	RB	LB	LB
John Fitzpatrick	RH	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	OR	—	—	OR	—	—	—
BILL FOULKES	CH	CH	CH	CH	CH	CH	CH	CH	CH	CH	CH	CH	—	—	—	CH	CH
NOBBY STILES	LH	LH	LH	LH	LH	LH	LH	LH	LH	LH	—	—	RH	LH	LH	LH	LH
John Connelly	OR	OR	OL	OL	OL	OL	OL	OL	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BOBBY CHARLTON	IR	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF	CF
David Herd	CF	—	IL	IL	IL	IL	IL	IL	—	—	—	—	—	OL	—	—	—
Denis Law	IL	IL	IR	IR	IR	IR	IR	IR	IL	IL	—	—	—	—	IL	—	—
JOHN ASTON	OL	OL	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	OL	OL	OL	—	OL	OL	OL
Pat Dunne	—	G	—	G	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
PAT CRERAND	—	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	LH	RH	RH	RH	RH
GEORGE BEST	—	IR	OR	OR	OR	OR	OR	—	OR	OR	IL	IL	OR	IL	OR	OR	OR
Harry Gregg	—	—	G	—	G	G	G	G	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Noel Cantwell	—	—	LB	LB	LB	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Willie Anderson	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	OR	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
ALEX STEPNEY	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G
Francis Burns	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	LB	LB	LB	OR	LB	LB	LB	—	—
DAVID SADLER	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	IR	IR	LH	LH	CH	CH	CH	IL	IL
BRIAN KIDD	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	OL	OL	IR	IR	IR	IR	IR	IR	IR
James Ryan	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	IL	—	—	—	—

Rival captains Bobby Charlton (Manchester Uited pennants before the start of ie E

A DREAM COME

THERE can be few more totally satisfying and exhilarating experiences in this world than to witness a personal dream and ambition acquire fulfilment.

Matt Busby agrees. The smile on his warm Scottish face after Manchester United had ultimately crushed Benfica and won the European Cup was more revealing of how he felt than any words.

Busby, the legendary father figure of Manchester United, had nursed this ambition —almost an obsession—for eleven years. Ever since his club became the first from England to enter the European Cup.

Since United set out on the Champions' Cup trail his dream has thrice been shattered when near to realisation; only to be resurrected with renewed hope and inspiration.

Busby wanted, more than anything else, to bring the Cup to Old Trafford, where (as Donald Saunders pointed out in the *Daily Telegraph*) he can see and touch it any time he likes for the next twelve months. His desire was infectious to such an extent that it became the goal of all at the home of this magnificent club.

The players, from those who were there at the outset to the newcomers, were spurred—particularly against Real Madrid in Madrid—by heart and a burning ambition to give Busby what he wanted so much.

Two years ago Busby thought his chance had gone. United, after pulverising Benfica in Lisbon, were clear favourites to reach the final. But Partisan Belgrade crushed Matt's aspirations and the chance was gone.

No doubt Busby was reassured by the words of Pat Crerand. "Don't worry. We'll still win the European Cup," he said. I wonder if either of them really thought those words would come true?

And I wonder, too, how many times Busby thought the Cup had again slipped from his grasp during the past few weeks. Against Madrid, in memorable circumstances, his men picked themselves up off the floor when trailing 3-1, to reach the final on a 4-3 aggregate.

All England thought then that this, surely, must be United's year. And with the final at Wembley, before a crowd almost exclusively chanting, as one, their name, the advantages were most certainly in their favour.

The final was an occasion that captured the hearts of the British public; as Stanley Matthews had done in 1953 and England with their World Cup triumph. The atmosphere at Wembley was one of emotion; typified by the applause that followed Matt Busby as he walked to his seat before the match commenced. One could almost translate it as: "We're praying and cheering for YOU Matt."

George Best against Cruz—a duel that brought little entertainment to the capacity crowd.

In terms of pure football the match itself was something of a disappointment but the drama and excitement of the later stages compensated for a first half punctuated by the whistle of referee Concetto Lo Bello.

This Italian with the Errol Flynn looks frequently puzzled both players and spectators alike with some niggling decisions and all the pre-final propaganda about his interpretation of the four-step rule was a farce.

Lo Bello might have been trying to further the appeal of basketball with his attitude towards Benfica goalkeeper Jose Henrique, a sort of budding Harlem Globe-Trotter. And when Eusebio crudely crunched Crerand, resulting in a mêlée of fist-waving players, he showed no film star heroism in calmly walking AWAY from the fracas.

David Sadler missed one easy chance in the first half after 27 minutes (coincidentally his second-half miss was also after 27 minutes) and two hard opportunities that might have put an early seal on the outcome. Perhaps he should have tried to head them in — remember Madrid?

Stunning

For Benfica only Eusebio had any sting. His first effort at goal, from a free-kick, would have won Wakefield the Rugby League Cup but perhaps it was a confidence trick. A few seconds later Alex Stepney was utterly bemused by a stunning shot that came close to splintering the bar.

United's defence, so often their weakness, was made to look decidedly solid against an ageing and slow Benfica forward line. Any guile and craft they might have had was lost in a slow-motion, pathetic crawl. Only Eusebio's rapid speed off the mark reminded us that the players were alive.

Torres, the gangling giant who was expected to dominate anything in the air, seemed to forget all he knows about aerobatics and Bill Foulkes, with superb timing of all his jumps, was his master.

Restricted

Without his main source of supply Eusebio was a reduced threat and Nobby Stiles, ably assisted by splendid covering from Shay Brennan and Tony Dunne, further restricted the menace of this Mozambique athlete.

Bobby Charlton and George Best, the two ace-cards in the Manchester pack, made little impression in the first half. Best was usually hacked to the ground before he could get into any sort of stride and Charlton had managed only one worthwhile shot at goal.

I had the impression that for all United's dominance and pressure a sudden breakaway might provide a travesty of justice. But a flash of Charlton genius in the most unexpected fashion brought United a goal and a different complexion to the match.

An innocuous looking move between Sadler and Dunne on the left flank suddenly produced danger for Benfica as Sadler's well flighted cross found Charlton running diagonally and heading perfectly into the far corner.

Charlton was probably as amazed as any that he should score in this manner. "I haven't

hester United) and Mario Coluna (Benfica) exchange start of the European Cup Final. (A)

ME TRUE

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headed a goal for about ten years" (an exaggeration), he said afterwards. Did he know where the goalkeeper was positioned? "When I head 'em, I just head 'em!" was his subtle reply.

One could sense the increase in tension, the anxiety among the United players noticeably grew with 38 minutes still to go. Benfica, for the first time in the match, began to move with rhythm and purpose.

Panic often swept through United's now harassed rearguard. How Busby — how all of us in fact — must have wished then that at least one of those earlier misses had sweetly struck the back of the net.

Obstinate

Why had Best been so greedy, I remember asking myself. Full of threatening mischief, his obstinate holding of the ball was probably the result of over-determination to produce a spark of match-winning genius.

Best had been built up as the man most likely to cause Benfica panic; as he did during that famous match in Lisbon when the Irish maestro inspired a 5-1 whipping.

But Best lost rather than earned admiration. One can easily sympathise with him for the treatment he received from Cruz in particular but his petulant behaviour and bad-temper came over especially strong to the television viewers. Perhaps because they missed the kicks he received while not in possession.

Nevertheless shaggy George still contributed some wonderful moments—his display of footwork and ball control in beating four Benfica defenders inside the penalty area bordered on the miraculous. But it was the man on the other flank who caught the eye and yet . . .

Why hadn't they exploited John Aston's wonderful speed, that left Adolfo helpless? The Benfica right-back had about as much chance as a lame turtle would have against a greyhound. Aston was United's most penetrative weapon and a fully fit Denis Law might have created a scoring record.

But it was futile to think of such "ifs" as Benfica thrust forward, reaping their reward when Torres at last got airborne and headed down for Graca to shoot powerfully across Stepney.

The full-time whistle came as a welcome relief to United. "We were shattered," said Stiles. "Another ten minutes and they would have won."

Unleashed

That United survived to extra time was due largely to Alex Stepney, whose handling throughout was flawless. Twice Eusebio unleashed those thunderbolt shots; the second being answered by a superlative save.

"I started to come forward, then went back. He shot straight at me." It was as easy as that!

During the short respite United drew fresh inspiration, recharged further still when Best, taking Kidd's backward header from Adolfo, rounded Henrique (as he should have done in the second half of normal time under similar circumstances) and slotted home a deliberate, precise shot.

"Now hold this one," we shouted. Better still, they added to it. Kidd, who had fought a lone battle much of the time, powerfully headed Charlton's corner for goal. Henrique scooped the ball off the line only for Kidd to celebrate his 19th birthday with another header — this time unstoppable.

Demoralised

Soon afterwards Kidd broke down the right, squared the ball and watched admiringly as Charlton collected the fourth, with an as-casual-as-you-like shot that swung high past the now rather demoralised Benfica custodian.

The contest was over. Eusebio made a last token gesture with a shot of staggering speed that Stepney took neatly but Benfica had long since ceased to be active participants.

The crowd roared the name of Busby but Matt refused the offer of his players to lead them to the Cup. Instead he watched with pride as Bobby Charlton received the huge trophy and then walked slowly from the arena that had seen a dream come true.

"The most wonderful thing that has happened to me in my life," said Matt. "Now we have won the European Cup we will attempt to win the World Title."

Had he thought of retiring now that his personal Everest had been conquered? "I'll stay where I am till people get fed up with me."

Otto Gloria, manager of Benfica, said: "We are not very happy — we cannot feel happy when we lose the Cup. Manchester United are a very good club indeed but playing at home was a big advantage. Some of the Benfica players felt some difficulty early on and could not produce the football they normally would."

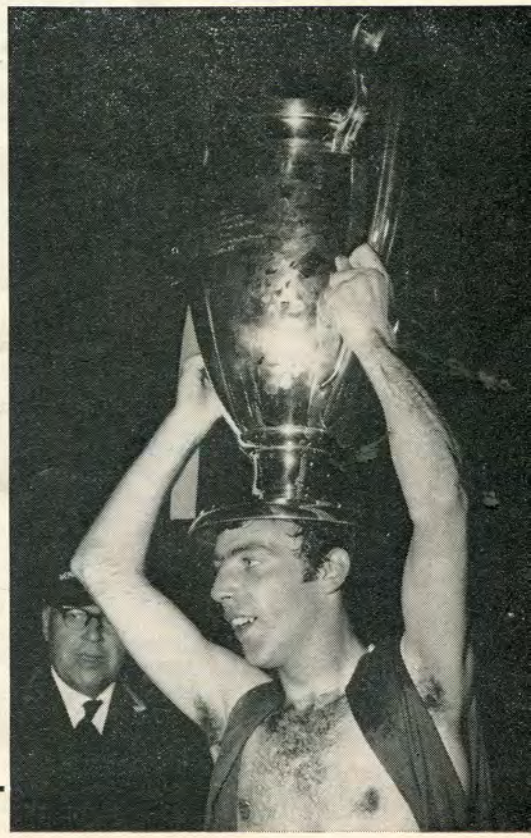
And so it was all over. Charlton, completely spent both physically and mentally, went back to the hotel and straight to bed. It had been a long, hard and, at times, cruel world. But for Munich they would, I feel sure, have got their earlier.

Now Manchester United will face Estudiantes (to be featured in the next issue of WORLD SOCCER) for the world championship. "You set out to win something as the supreme achievement and when you have done so you find there is a new target," said the remarkable Charlton.

He was right, of course. But I fancy Manchester will be content to re-live those dramatic 120 minutes during the weeks ahead. I know I will.

'The most wonderful thing that has happened to me in my life. Now we will attempt the World Title'
— SIR MATT

A joyful David Sadler holds the European Cup trophy. (A)



English Review

by

LESLIE PAGE

Title stays in Manchester

ALMOST the last matches of the English League programme remained to be played before the League Champions could be firmly established. No follower could claim the '67–'68 campaign lacked excitement and, at times, originality and if a faint whisp of nostalgia was felt by those ruled by their hearts rather than their heads, Manchester United, by two points, gave pride of place to their nearest rivals, Manchester City.

City have known their hard times, but the League Championship became theirs in only the second season since their return to Division I after a three-year stint away from the seniors. While all the prizes were finding a way to Old Trafford, the City fans at Maine Road almost despaired of ever seeing their once proud brigade challenge for major honours.

Now it has come to pass there is considerable praise for manager Joe Mercer, whose arrival at Maine Road in July 1965 signalled a revival in the club's fortunes. Mercer, the true professional, who left the game after a bad experience in management at Aston Villa a few years ago, pays great tribute to Malcolm Allison, the City coach with whom he has worked in admirable co-operation.

Allison's contribution to Manchester City's rise from the ashes was very considerable and the manner in which he turned down offers of full management from other outfits illustrated his faith in a club which has raised him to an award as a young manager of the future. City now go forward to fight in the European Cup next season and the close period before August was filled with some contemporary thought on the probability of Mercer and Allison reinforcing the club player strength prior to setting foot on the Continent. Probably manager and coach would seek reserve and cover players, knowing full well that from August 10 there would be little respite if the team struck success.

City's achievements have not, over three seasons, cost them a vast capital outlay. Mike Summerbee was a £35,000 signing, Colin Bell cost £45,000 and both are now full internationals. The arrival of Francis Lee for £60,000 represents the club's largest outlay and the whole set-up gives the lie to the story that only riches can make a soccer team of quality, capable of grabbing League honours and stepping out into a wider frame.

Of all the bargains Mercer and Allison brought to Maine Road none has been more successful than Tony Book whose registration passed to City from Plymouth for £17,000. Book has a strange history for a senior player in the realms of senior football. He left non-League Bath City in 1964, transferred to Plymouth Argyle at the age of 28 for his first taste of top grade football. Four years later, he captained City to the Championship and leads them into Europe in a few months' time.

Even Matt Busby, I think, was pleased for Mercer and City, even though it meant disappointment for Manchester United. Busby was a City player before the war and the demise of the club over the years will have saddened him. Matt Busby's major task remained even when the League season was over. The great prize which has so often eluded him and the club came closer as United beat Real Madrid in the two-legged semi-finals and went on to a Final against Benfica, fortuitously, played this year at Wembley.

Over a previous period of eleven years, United made the semi-finals on three occasions without reaching the ultimate stage. On the way to meet Benfica, Manchester United attained new heights in attempting to establish themselves as the leading club in Europe. A power of goodwill followed the team and its manager to the extent that those who do not normally interest or concern themselves with the game, were well aware of United on the evening of the Wembley Battle.

The United players gained as much notoriety as any sportsmen and Bobby Charlton, who has been associated with all the club's previous European Cup attempts and Nobby Stiles, from England's World Cup winning side, reached, possibly, the acme of their careers. Goalkeeper Alex Stepney gained his first full international appearance for England against Sweden, Pat Crerand firmly established the pattern of mid-field play, Bill Foulkes, surely almost at the end of his senior playing days, notched the goal against Real which made the final a certainty for United. Brian Kidd, in his first senior season, proved Busby's eye for talent once again and the pity was that Denis Law was never fit enough to return to the fray and take his place alongside those he had fought with for so long.

No one could say if George Best was the most talented player the club had to hand. Nevertheless, he was a modern day idol in the true sense of the word both on and off the field. The Football Writers voted him the Player of the Year and to show there was a very strong sentimental feeling for Manchester United, generally, Matt Busby picked up £1,000 as the Manager of the Year.

The FA Cup came to rest at The Hawthorns after an FA Cup Final which West Bromwich Albion fought to the bitter end with Everton. Many Finals at Wembley have disappointed. Not to put too fine a point on it, the 1968 affair was just plain misunderstood right from the word go. West Bromwich reached Wembley after an incredible number of replays, including two against Liverpool which indicated they would give Everton a bad time on the big day. The sporting scribes backed Everton heavily and the weight of support for a West Brom victory came, as might be expected, from the Midlands.

In the event, the lush turf of Wembley, reduced to a series of mini-lakes the previous week during the Rugby League Cup Final, took another drenching before the match and the particular difficulties always experienced by club sides coming to

The joy of winning the FA Cup. Left: West Brom. skipper Graham Williams holds aloft the trophy while right, Albion's scorer Jeff Astle celebrates his goal. (Prov.)

the stadium late in the season, were increased very considerably. Neither side intended to allow the other any room to "work" the ball and with the tackling in the first half-hour something more than strong, the crowd or that part of it which regularly watches football, realised this was to be no day of enjoyment other than for the victorious team.

Jeff Astle, whose scoring feats during the season included three against Manchester United beaten by West Brom 6-3, provided the foot, inside the boot which hit the ball into the net for the game's only goal early in the first period of extra time. Alan Ashman deserved praise for the manner in which he had schooled his side, but Harry Catterick might well cogitate on the thought that of his young side only Alan Ball ever looked truly effective or provided the flair which sets matches alight.

Brian Labone and Ray Wilson additionally contributed some of their soccer skills which were sadly missing on this afternoon and I for one thought back to the time when Alex Young was a regular member of the Everton squad, sadly, for the Final not even nominated as substitute.

With Manchester City as League Champions by two points from United, Liverpool tucked into third position another point away. Once more, Don Revie's Leeds United were, apparently, beaten by the sheer weight of their programme. The League Cup was safely tucked away in March, but Everton snatched a further visit to Wembley away from the Elland Road men with a disputed goal in the FA Cup semi-final. Fourth position in Division I was a replica of their 1966–67 spot, although they were two points light from that previous campaign.

As in the previous year, the Fairs' Cup Final must be held over until the autumn when Leeds face Ferencvaros. One out of three competitions with one more to be completed, cannot be considered a poor display. However, Don Revie was hoping for a great deal more and purely on the law of averages one would have said they will make the League Championship and thus entry into the European Cup in the not too distant future.

Endearing

Naturally, some concern must be felt about the future of Jack Charlton, whose greatest days have come towards the end of his career after his many seasons of able work for the side in Division II. True, Paul Madeley is on hand to assume the role of this endearing character, but the days of Jack Charlton for Leeds and England would appear to be shortening. Injury during last term robbed both club and country of his services on many occasions and his fitness continued to be something of a problem to Revie and Sir Alf Ramsey.

After nine seasons of struggling, finally, Fulham dropped into Division II and Sheffield United returned, similarly, after a seven-year spell. Division I opened its arms, once more, to Ipswich Town, master-minded back to the seniors after four campaigns by Bill McGarry. In the end, the promotion battle was as close as it could be with Queen's Park Rangers making the dash from Division III to Division I in less than a year, pipping Blackpool on the post by goal average.

In accompanying Ipswich from Division II, Rangers achieved one of those rare distinctions of moving up the ladder at a rare rate of knots, a feat not equalled since Charlton Athletic's climb in the 'thirties. Alec Stock, who overcame so many injuries and operations amongst his playing staff, stirred up a fine spirit and faith which he hopes can be carried forward into the higher echelon.

Despite all the efforts of Tommy Docherty, Rotherham must play Division III soccer next term, along with Plymouth, whose fate was sealed well before the season's end. The triumph and wonder of the entire season was left to Oxford City, promoted to Division II after only six full seasons in the Football League, equally shared between Division IV and Division III. On March 9, Oxford occupied ninth position in their section. They then proceeded to play 13 consecutive League matches in which they grabbed 22 points.

The club were the last non-League outfit to gain election when Accrington Stanley faded out. Oxford still have Arthur Turner as their manager and around seven of the playing staff with them during their successful Southern League days. It has been a remarkable run for the club who have established themselves in every possible way in six years, surely, showing how much the League in general needs new blood and talent. Bury return to Division II after one campaign and poor Peterborough must return to Division IV because of administrative errors.

Luton Town, under the guidance of Allan Brown, begin the journey up the ladder down which they fell so swiftly, ending a three-season period in the deep waters of Division IV. Barnsley, demoted the same term as Luton, also return, along with Hartlepools, out of the lowest section for the first time and Crewe Alexandra, whose only previous rise was in 1963 only to fall back one season later.

Attendances at Football League matches in the season 1967–68 topped the 30 million mark, the best figure for eight years. This is, generally, attributed to the senior crowd-pulling sides enjoying successful campaigns, an improvement in facilities and a significant rise in interest resulting from the World Cup in 1966 and the greater importance of European competitions in the public mind activated by press and television.

Manchester United set a record home average League attendance and in very many cases brought the highest attendance on away fixtures. Set against these encouraging facts was the news from the Football Association annual general meeting that whilst the profit from the staging of the World Cup amounted to £435,510, it had been necessary to pay £249,167 in Corporation Tax.

It was admitted by the FA Chairman, Dr. Andrew Stephen, that they were vulnerable to criticism and "caught napping by the tide of events". Had the profits been distributed amongst county associations and clubs, no tax would have been payable. The Football League, for example, avoids tax on the money obtained for fixtures from the Pools' promoters by sharing the money amongst members.

The early managerial casualties of the close-season included Neil Franklin of Colchester United, demoted for the second time in four years. Tom Johnston, Huddersfield, and Tony Marchi, team manager at Northampton, demoted last season from Division II and missing the drop from Division III in May by a bare number of points.

Luton Town, the Fourth Division Champions: back row left to right: Tony Read, Doug Davidson, Billy McDerment, Alan Slough, Max Dougan, John Moore, Fred Jardine. Front: Graham French, Keith Allen, Terry Branston, Bruce Rioch, Ray Whittaker. (A)

England's Geoff Hurst (white shirt) is foiled by the gallant Swede, goalkeeper Larsson. (UPI)

AMATEURISH SWEDES

writes ERIC BATTY

WHEN Sweden beat England 3-2 at Wembley in 1958 they benefited considerably from England's own failings but had several compensating features to offer on their own account. In defence they had a superb performance from centre-half Ake Johansson and in attack the young and at that time promising Agne Simonsson who had developed considerably during the World Cup campaign a few months earlier. Linking these two from midfield, with Gren and Liedholm back in Italy, they had called up the veteran inside-forward Henry Tillberg who, though short on pace, provided an abundance of skill and know-how.

Since then, of course, the Swedes have lost player after player to foreign professional clubs and amongst those who played in the recent match at Wembley, Nordahl, Lindman and Ejderstedt have already received firm offers from abroad. Two or three years from now it is to be expected that not more than two or three of the 13 who played at Wembley will still be playing in their homeland and with this in mind it is difficult to be too critical about their standards of play.

This, however, applies only in terms of individual ability and combined play and the Swedish performance at Wembley left much to be desired. Ability needs time to mature and combined play cannot be expected to show itself except after many months of training and playing together but there were several indications at Wembley that Orvar Bergmark, former 94 times capped international defender, is basing his team on conditions which prevailed when he was playing.

The Swedes' biggest problems were in defence where there was a total absence of clear-cut divisions of responsibility. In the opening minutes the Swedish defence was cast much as one would expect. Carlsson was tight on Hunter, Kristensson stood back "free" while Nordqvist took Peters and Grip covered Bell. In midfield Eriksson and Lindman were aided occasionally by left-winger Persson who dropped back and the biggest surprise was the decision to play Larsson tight on Bobby Charlton. Now in West Germany with VfB Stuttgart, Bo Larsson is essentially a striker. Two years ago during his last full season in Sweden with Malmo FF he was the First Division's leading goal-scorer and on the strength of his prowess in front of goal earned Sweden's Footballer of the Year award.

No doubt Bergmark was influenced in this respect by the fact that both Nordahl and Ejderstedt are young, talented and frequent goalgetters. To have omitted either of them from what was clearly a testing experience would have been foolhardy.

For the first two or three minutes while England probed at the Swedish defence and the Scandinavians struggled to adjust themselves to what was clearly a faster pace there was little to surprise anyone. With three minutes gone and Charlton in possession, Peters probed down the left with Bell in close support and immediately it became clear that the Swedes were playing in zones!

Had the England players realised this and pressed their attacks in closely-knit packs they would surely have realised a double-figure score line. With the blue shirts spread across the pitch (in zones) in a thin line, the English had only to amass three or four players to achieve numerical superiority anywhere they chose, at any time.

At club level almost everyone is agreed that man-for-man marking is the only valid system for defence, and generally the majority cover themselves with a free-back standing back to provide close support wherever it is needed. Sweden on the other hand opted for zonal-defence with the result that while the England players were "sometimes" marked, they had only to wander "out of position" to get free. Only Bobby Charlton was exempt — being granted the close attention of Larsson as long as he remained in the game.

Inevitably England dominated the game but with the English rearguard including only Moore from the established team there were many occasions when the Swedes were able to reject clear-cut shooting positions. Of the three England goals, two came from half chances and only that contributed by Hunt came from a clear-cut shooting position. Even then, it was not an opportunity carved out by positive attacking play but a fortunate rebound following a shot from Knowles.

If England are still failing to create clear-cut chances, the Swedes succeeded largely through gross inefficiency amongst the England defenders. In the first half the Swedes found themselves in scoring positions on three separate occasions. The first real chance of the game—with England winning 1-0 at the time—fell to Nordahl. Coming in from the right wing and with absolutely no cover on the England goal, Nordahl drew Stepney out to him and tried to lob the 'keeper. Fortunately for England, Stepney got a hand to the ball and turned it away from the open goal.

Moments later the England goal was exposed once more. Again it was Nordahl at inside-right who hit a diagonal pass forward for Ejderstedt to go in and hammer a left-foot shot over the top. Before the break England had presented Sweden with a third clear-cut chance when Nordahl got in alone from the left. Unchallenged as he approached the penalty area, Stepney was once more alone and, fortunately for him, Nordahl delayed his shot too long.

From the England point of view it is clear that the "shadow-defence" is paper-thin, and while one reserve can be accommodated at the back without losing much in terms of efficiency, two absentees brings chaos.

One final point is worthy of comment. Against Sweden, and much to my surprise Hunter performed throughout the first half like an orthodox left-winger.

I say orthodox to indicate the positions that he took up rather than to describe his play, for clearly Hunter's qualities are destructive above all. A point worth thinking about here is that while a talented and natural winger like Thomson is not considered good enough to play for England, Hunter who is essentially a defensive-midfield player, is called up to do so. This seems to indicate that as long as Sir Alf Ramsey remains in charge of the England team, wingers cannot expect to receive caps.

SPEAKING PERSONALLY

'Age of mediocrity'

LESLIE VERNON

ONCE upon a time in the Age of Mediocrity there was a curious football season. One year of football was much like another, but this was somehow different, many significant subtle changes took place—so gather round, my children, and I'll tell you all about it.

The standard of play was generally low, I saw many League matches when it needed a superior human effort to keep awake. There was nothing wrong with the players' endeavour, they were hareing up and down the pitch faster than ever. But the pattern of football which was considered revolutionary and "modern" just a few years ago all of a sudden appeared to me to be stereotyped and dull.

In every game the lonely "strikers" were hanging about up front and when in possession they were joined by almost the whole team in order to launch a frantic attack on the opposing goal. When the ball was lost everybody immediately rushed back again to defend, and this senseless flow of non-stop running was given fancy names like "planned withdrawals" and using massed defences as "springboards" for counterpart attacks, etc.

Fascinating

It might sound fascinating to you children, you might have admired the fitness of these players, but I found the whole ghastly conception depressing. Speed and strength is no substitute for thought and skill for subtlety, artistry, wit. I like to be constantly aware when watching a football match that there are 22 human beings playing out there enjoying, improvising, expressing themselves, and not two sets of automatons performing a mechanised ritual drilled into them by a superior mind; in fact, we were fast approaching the age of computerised football, the era of odious conformity.

There were a few exceptions. The championship was won by a team who had the courage to bring back skill and imagination into their play. The Manchester City forwards were running just as much as the rest of the overrated stars of the other teams but they were positioning themselves intelligently, their passing was immaculate, they kept the ball on the floor. In fact, they played sweet flowing, graceful football.

We were all glad that they had triumphed through qualities which were in danger of being pushed into the background. City's revival might bring a happier atmosphere into the game but there were certainly no signs of that previously.

The League Cup Final was a disgraceful affair. The word "gamesmanship" always had a slightly seedy ring about it but the way Leeds United exploited all its possibilities shamed Wembley into 90 minutes of almost unbelieving silence. The Cup Final "proper" was not quite as bad as most of my colleagues' reports would indicate. There were some very good attempts at constructive football and once again praise due to the players for keeping their passes low instead of lifting the ball senselessly in the air.

On the international front English and British type football were still considered supreme. Ramsey has definitely acquired the golden touch for him, even last minute injuries (Hurst) turned into brilliant tactical manœuvres (Hunter). But at home or abroad the danger signs were looming larger than ever. The results, the actual scores to win was the all-important aim—no matter how.

That was the first, second and last commandment of the game. I have campaigned against this attitude many times before and the greatest problem of the moment is how to soften the line between victory and defeat. It is useless going into the losers' dressing room and congratulating them for a sporting display. They simply will not be consoled. This unhealthy worshipping of victors and contemptuous dismissal of losers takes us back to the times of the Gladiators, when it was literally a matter of life or death whether the poor slaves won or lost.

Brawl

The over-emphasis of success or failure purely in terms of results only drags football down to the level of a street brawl. I do not want to upset you children, but this part of my story is rather sad. I have seen punch-ups, deliberate kicking of opponents, worst of all, "tactical fouling" has become part and parcel of the game.

David Coleman, one of the few TV experts who really knows what he is talking about, said this quite casually when commentating on the Real Madrid versus Manchester United match. "As soon as a player is beaten, he pulls his opponent down (fouls him) but you can expect that in this class of football!"

In other words, if a player is clever enough to dribble past a defender, he should be stopped unfairly! and to add to this blood curdling fact, the most damning touch is the proviso "in this class of football". It is precisely in top-class football where such diabolical principles should not exist.

Survival

When I was your age, children, the principle of the period sounded like this, "Let the better team win." That was also in big professional football, believe it or not, they really meant it! Today it is the survival of the fittest, the bravest, the most cunning and unscrupulous — today we follow the laws of the jungle.

Talking about laws, FIFA created quite a stir with their new "four-step" rule. It was introduced in that year and worked quite satisfactorily, the only trouble was that in different countries the referees applied it in different ways. We in England were quite convinced that we were right and everybody else was wrong. You see, children, the English invented this game over 100 years ago, consequently, they still consider all the other countries as mere novices. Someone in authority even told me that the Swiss referees made a mistake when translating the regulations. Well, as you all know, the FIFA offices are still in Zurich, which is still in Switzerland, so it was very difficult to imagine that any misunderstanding could have been due to language difficulties.

But Sir Stanley Rous has descended from an aeroplane and immediately declared that the English referees (who, as you children should know, are the best in the world), are right and everybody else should follow their noble example, otherwise ... well, otherwise, Sir Stanley will fly off somewhere else to sort out other little problems like the new, so-called, World Cup championship regulations, or the amalgamation of the rival USA leagues, or the seeding and draws for the World Cup, the reorganisation of the Fairs' Cup or the development of football in the emerging countries, etc., etc.

A lot of work for one man, and if I dare to be slightly sarcastic concerning this ever flying ambassador of international affairs, I beg for your forgiveness, after all, he is truly a great football administrator.

Generally speaking, the crowds behaved very well but I must admit that some of you kids were a little naughty. I told you several times not to bring those bicycle chains and knives to football matches. Wrecking trains is not very amusing, and to throw bottles on the pitch is also pointless.

As for the toilet rolls in the goalmouth, surely, children, you can find much better use elsewhere. Kalman Preiner, coach of Honved Budapest, found a new effective way of dealing with trouble makers in the crowd. During a recent league match, following the disaster in Moscow, one such customer kept on shouting abusive remarks at Komora, one of the players who had a bad one in the International, Preiner could not stand it any longer, and told the man to shut up.

"For my money I can shout as much as I like and what I like," answered the fan. Preiner took out his wallet, and handed over the price of the ticket to the man saying, "Now you are watching the game for nothing so be quiet!" The loudmouth pocketed the money with a grin, and behaved himself for the rest of the match.

BRIAN GLANVILLE

● *Continued from page 10*

"Only 20 of the 322 players who had moved clubs this season up to the March 16 deadline cost £50,000 or more".

Only twenty!

But to return to the intended rebuttal of Danny Blanchflower's article, it reveals that the League, provincial to the last, had unsuccessfully sought premises in Leeds and Leicester! Now, there does seem to me, despite London's predominance, to be an adequate case for the League establishing itself in our second city, Manchester; but *Leicester?*

You will, perhaps, have gathered by now that the *Review* is not wholly an inaccurate mirror of the body it represents. Yet does it have to be so determinedly admass in its content, anti-intellectual in its attitudes, and paranoiac in its opinionations? Surely not.

Estudiantes champions—face United!

South American Commentary by GORDON JEFFERY

ESTUDIANTES DE LA PLATA are the new champions of the South American continent by their victories over the Brazilian club, Palmeiras, in the final of the 1968 Copa Libertadores de America. In other words, the exclusive and, it seemed, firmly closed circle of clubs as Santos and Palmeiras of Brazil, Nacional and Penarol of Uruguay, and Racing, Independiente and River Plate of Argentina has been broken by *Los Pincharratas.*

This, by my reckoning, is a circumstance of greater moment and importance even than when, last year, Glasgow Celtic broke the Latin monopoly of the European Club Championship, because generally within Europe there were indications of far more depth in football ability in various countries than there has been found in South American football. Estudiantes in Argentinian football have done what, in recent seasons, clubs like Liverpool, Leeds United, Chelsea and Manchester City, for examples, have done in England.

Those four English clubs all came up from the Second to the First Division and almost immediately were amongst the top tier—two of them, Liverpool and Manchester City winning the Championship, and the others earning places in European club competitions by reason of the Football League First Division ratings. Estudiantes have not come up—within the past five seasons—from the Argentinian Second Division but it was only reorganisation of the League that saved them at the end of the 1963 season although, oddly, they had done rather better then than in the two previous seasons.

In 1963, when Independiente were champions after a close race with River Plate, Estudiantes finished ninth in a division of 14 with 24 points from 26 matches. But in 1961 they had gained only 22 points and in 1962 only 20 for a three seasons aggregate of 66 points. On the aggregate basis, that had been introduced as a fairer method of measuring the unsuitability of clubs for continued existence in a division (the relegation candidates, in other words), Estudiantes were markedly inferior to the five clubs below them in 1963—Argentinos Juniors' points from 1961 to 1963 were 24-23-22 for a total of 69, Rosario Central's were 23-30-22 for a total of 75, Gimnasia y Esgrima de La Plata's were 28-38-21 for a total of 87, Velez Sarsfield's were 31-21-20 for a total of 72 and the bottom club in 1963, Charcarita Juniors, had an aggregated total of 79 from 31 points in 1961, 30 in 1962 before their 1963 slump to 18. Estudiantes were due for the drop by every reckoning—except that this was the time when the "grandees" (the big clubs) in the Argentine became so incensed by having to play against the "chicos" (the small clubs) in circumstances that meant that the latter, thanks to large attendances when the big clubs visited them, were being kept alive by the big clubs who themselves lost money because their own attendances dropped when most of the chicos were the visitors.

That at any rate was part of the big clubs' overall dissatisfaction although it needs to be appreciated that they (like professional—or, for that matter, many amateur! — clubs almost everywhere) were thinking only of their own narrow and individual interests. Nonetheless, and ignoring the danger to Argentinian football as a whole, the grandees held up the start of the new Championship season whilst the wrangling went on and, in the interim, six of them—River Plate, Boca Juniors, Racing, San Lorenzo, Huracan and Velez Sarsfield—started a championship of their own. Not surprisingly, a football-starved Buenos Aires public backed the ersatz affair and the receipts were good—but not the standard of play. The possibility of a breakaway league being formed was very real, however, until intervention from bodies outside of football, not least from people in high government positions, forced what was reported to be a "very happy" settlement.

Curiously, far from proposing the streamlined, quality division that the grandees had seemed to be seeking, the sizes of all divisions increased. The First (the Primera "A") was increased by the acceptance of the promotion from the Primera "B" of the Rosario club, Newells Old Boys, and by the reprieve granted to Estudiantes whose due relegation was set aside. Below the top division there were bigger increases — and overall it was agreed that there would be no relegation until 1966.

As it happened, Estudiantes, so often numbered amongst the stragglers, had no need of the relegation-amnesty after 1963 as they built upon their improved showing of that season when, for a time, they had held third place. Estudiantes' prospects were not limited by the current showing of their first team but by the development of their own players. In 1964 they finished 14th out of 16 with Argentinos Juniors and the promoted Newell's Old Boys below them. In 1965 in the again enlarged First Division (Lanus and Platense had been promoted) they finished sixth out of 18.

Perpetual

Leading Estudiantes' improvement was the tough coach Osvaldo Zubeldia, one-time with both Velez Sarsfield and Boca Juniors; the author of a book on football tactics and a zealous advocate of the virtues of discipline and physical fitness — not virtues relished by many Argentinian players. The success of Estudiantes, however, brought Zubeldia to the attention of the Argentinian football bosses.

The time was November 1965—the World Cup in England but eight months away and, after struggling against perpetual criticism and sniping, the Argentinian national team coach, Minella, had resigned. Since the 1962 World Cup the Argentinians had changed their "D.T." (Director Technico) with an alarming frequency—Rossi for one Lipton Cup match in August 1962, Lopes for the two Carlos Dittborn Memorial Cup matches in November of the same year, then Torres for the 1963 South American Championship matches—six of them played in March, and a couple of Roca Cup matches against Brazil in April, but D'Amico was in charge for the two matches against Paraguay in the Rosa Chevallier Boutell Cup played in October. Argentina lost in Buenos Aires itself to Paraguay in the second-leg match so perhaps it was not surprising that Minella took over in 1964.

Minella's reign began with Argentina's conspicuous success in the Four-Nations' Tournament staged in Brazil—they were the decisive winners with successive victories over Portugal (2-0), Brazil (3-0) and England (1-0); it ended, as I have mentioned, with his resignation in November 1965. The Argentinian national team was kept busy during Minella's reign—mainly in competitive matches and mainly with success. But although Argentinian players, officials and supporters alike lap up success, they are not so unanimous or dedicated about the preliminaries to success. The final episode so far as Minella was concerned was when, during and after a practice match for the national team squad, spectators jeered and whistled at the players, the players threatened to walk off the pitch and the match itself became farcical. Yet Minella's record reads good to me:

31.5.64: beat Portugal 2-0, Four-Nations Tournament—Rio.

3.6.64: beat Brazil 3-0, Four-Nations Tournament — Sao Paulo.

6.6.64: beat England 1-0, Four-Nations Tournament—Rio de Janeiro.

23.9.64: beat Chile 5-0, Carlos Dittborn Cup—Buenos Aires.

14.10.64: drew Chile 1-1, Carlos Dittborn Cup—Santiago.

25.11.64: lost Paraguay 0-3, Chevallier Boutell Cup—Asuncion.

8.12.64: beat Paraguay 8-1, Chevallier Boutell Cup — Buenos Aires.

3.6.65: drew France 0-0, Friendly —Paris.
9.6.65: drew Brazil 0-0, Friendly —Rio.
14.7.65: beat Chile 1-0, Carlos Dittborn Cup—Buenos Aires.
21.7.65: drew Chile 1-1, Carlos Dittborn Cup—Santiago.
1.8.65: beat Paraguay 3-0, W.C. Qualifying—Buenos Aires.
8.8.65: drew Paraguay 0-0, W.C. Qualifying—Asuncion
17.8.65: beat Bolivia 4-1, W.C. Qualifying—Buenos Aires.
29.8.65: beat Bolivia 2-1, W.C. Qualifying—La Paz.
Total: 15 matches played; 9 won, 5 drawn, 1 lost; 31 goals for, 8 goals against.

Minella's resignation came three weeks before a friendly fixture against the Soviet Union in Buenos Aires—and, of course, the period (without any matches against *national* sides arranged) of preparation for the 1966 World Cup. The job was offered to Osvaldo Zubeldia but he reasonably demanded that he should have the same full authority in coaching the national side as he had with his own Estudiantes side. He also asked, again it would seem reasonably, for a contract that would stand until after the World Cup. He had neither the full power nor the contract and gave up the job in despair at the end of April 1966. That Argentina thus came to the World Cup in England under the nominal control of their seventh team manager since the previous World Cup competition in Chile, may go a long way towards explaining the lack of discipline and conviction that damned their efforts in 1966.

Potential

Zubeldia's brief control during which apart from the drawn friendly against the Soviet Union, two squads of potential World Cup players—and a total of some 33 players — played against club sides, Botafogo (of Brazil), Eintracht Frankfurt and the Swiss club Sion, did introduce some of his own Estudiantes' discoveries to the national team, notably Malbernat and Veron although these were subsequently overlooked.

The fresh approach of Zubeldia and his more European approach to training and coaching may not have found favour with the national selectors but they continued to inspire Estudiantes—and not only their first team squad: the third team walked away with the Third Division championship in 1965 and that was of considerable significance when it is realised that the big clubs have usually had the excess of talent that made them the more successful at reserve and, of course, even more at third team level.

The 1966 Argentinian Championship was disturbed by the World Cup tournament coming in what would have been mid-season in Argentina. It ended, after River Plate had repeated their failing of recent years by falling away badly towards the close of the season, in an emphatic win for Racing — five points ahead of the runners-up, River Plate. Estudiantes, in a division then extended to 20 clubs, finished seventh, immediately below Independiente.

The following year—last season in Argentina — saw the introduction of the two-zoned Metropolitan Championship with the top clubs from each zone, plus some "provincials", due to play for a genuine National Championship. Estudiantes, with an increasing emphasis on defensive play, finished runners-up to Racing in their zone but won the deciding tournament between the four top clubs to gain their first championship as a professional club. That the 1967 Metropolitan Championship was but a stage towards the 1967 Argentinian Championship meant that Estudiantes' name does not go into the record books as the 1967 Champions since they finished second to Independiente in the Final Full National Championship table. Estudiantes were undefeated but drew far more matches than the more free-scoring champions, Independiente.

The South American Championship for clubs is contested between the *two* leading clubs of each competing country — this brought Estudiantes into the competition and they have emerged as the new Continental champions. Only a year ago when they won the Metropolitan Championship, Estudiantes could be fairly described as a strong team playing as a team but without star players. But the players have developed as the team as a whole has gained in confidence and understanding. Today they remain an effective combination working from a strong defence but in addition the players themselves have become stars.

PLEASE NOTE

As a result of a delay in his trip to Uruguay, Part II of Eric Weil's South American Survey has been held over until next month. Parts II and III examine Argentina and Uruguay. Don't miss this exclusive "World Soccer" feature.

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **Australian News** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FAMINE AFTER A FEAST!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **by Andrew Dettre** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FAMINE after a feast—that's how many Aussie fans look at the forthcoming visit of lowly Second Division Cardiff City. In recent years Australia was fortunate to have such splendid teams here as Everton, Chelsea, Torpedo Moscow, AS Roma and Manchester United, not to mention the Scotland side and Japan. Now it's Cardiff City, the outfit that was separated from a Cup Winners' Cup final appearance only by a fluke Hamburger . . .

The more realistic officials, however, believe that Cardiff City, despite their comparative lack of glamour, will be an ideal touring team. Their standard should be much closer to the Australian level of football and thus the matches, at least against the major States such as New South Wales and Victoria, are expected to be close and exciting struggles, not the usual cakewalks.

The average Aussie fan knows precious little about Cardiff City, despite their great run in Europe recently. Some have heard of fiery manager Jimmy Scoular while others may have read something about John Toshack or another player. Cardiff City will, generally speaking, come as complete unknowns, to play their eight or ten games in Australia and a few others in neighbouring New Zealand.

However, Cardiff is only one of the things that presently occupies the Australian mind. Great plans are afoot to ask and influence FIFA to change the groupings for the World Cup elimination matches. Originally FIFA conveniently slammed the Far East countries into two zones and added, for good measure, Israel (who cleverly, for the first time, have decided to shy away from the tough European groups) and Rhodesia, a country few others wish to have any truck with in international sport. One group would have included Australia, Rhodesia, Japan and South Korea while the other would have had North Korea, Israel and New Zealand.

All kinds of problems seemed inevitable. North Korea has diplomatic relations with Israel only, so they would have had to find neutral venues for their matches against New Zealand. Then Australia, Japan and South Korea appeared unlikely to find a suitable way of playing their matches; a two-leg tie would have involved incredible expenses while none seemed keen to hold a tournament.

So now at a recent conference held in Seoul, South Korea, and attended by all countries in this part of the world, Australian Federation secretary Ian McAndrew produced a new plan which was unanimously accepted and forwarded to FIFA. The basis of this plan is to split these above countries into more and smaller sub-groups (like Australia and New Zealand in one, Japan and South Korea in another, etc.), and only bring them together for the final stages which determines the single berth available for the 1970 finals. It is hoped that FIFA will give its consent soon and that planning can start at once.

On the domestic front, a strange phenomenon keeps puzzling Australian officialdom. Reversing the trend of recent years, crowd attendances in Sydney are again rising—and in Melbourne falling. The only rather feasible explanation is that the Sydney championship (NSW First Division on your pools coupons . . .) is possibly the most evenly balanced for years. The two giants of the 1964-67 period, APIA and St. George have slipped, while others, like Hakoah, Pan Hellenic, South Coast, Polonia, Melita and Prague have improved. So now in contrast to the recent past, the title race is no longer settled between two strong teams but is wide open and any one of about six or seven can make it.

And since a tight competition and exciting tussles have always been the real spice of football, the Sydney scene is livelier than at any time since 1965.

Australian International wing-half Manfred Schaefer of Sydney's St. George's Budapest (right) clears the ball in a recent league match. (Dettre)

WELSH NEWS—*continued from page* 19

reach the semi-finals, will probably be haunted by the name Honig for the rest of his life.

And while Wilson must obviously shoulder responsibility it would be wrong to thrust total blame on him. Because had Cardiff's King and Lea in particular accepted those clear-cut chances, Cardiff would have been in a position to have afforded such a stunning goal-keeping error.

At any rate, within fifteen days of their dismissal Cardiff had retained the Welsh Cup—and renewed their passport into Europe for next season.

They beat with ease Southern League Hereford United, winning 2-0 at Hereford in the first-leg and lazing to a 4-1 victory in the return. Hereford's goal was something of a nostalgic affair — headed by player-manager John Charles.

Cardiff also retained the Welsh League championship title. Ammanford made them sweat all the way and eventually Cardiff were swept home on an avalanche of goals.

In their 34 matches they scored more than 130 times—and 13 of them were hit against Neath. Indeed Cardiff scored ten of those in the second-half and such was their absurd dominance that 'keeper Lyn Davies was called off his line to convert a penalty.

As manager Jimmy Scoular and 18 of his players left on a seven-week tour of Australasia, Cardiff's fans were left to ponder over next season after a season during which domestic Second Division matches were overshadowed by the European crusade.

BLAXNIT CUP report

SHAMROCK IT IS

from COLIN McALPIN

EUROPE'S first sponsored soccer competition — the Blaxnit All-Ireland Cup — has been, according to the sponsoring company, Black and Company (Newtownards) Ltd., an unqualified success.

Certainly from the point of view of the eight teams taking part in this revolutionary competition—the four semi-finalists from the Irish Cup and the FAI Cup in the Republic of Ireland —it has been a richly rewarding experience. Not only did they each share in the £2,000 prize money but they reaped additional financial rewards from a series of "gates" which gave plenty of food for thought to the advoeates of an amalgamated North-South Irish League.

That the final was played between a representative of the Northern Irish League (Crusaders) and the Southern League of Ireland (Shamrock Rovers) made the competition an even greater success for many feared a loss of interest if the ultimate finalists had come from one side of the border only.

SPONSORSHIP

The competition was born in the middle of last season when Mr. Harold Black, managing director of the family hosiery company and chairman of Ards FC, decided to take his money out of golf sponsorship and search for some new sport to assist. It was pretty obvious, in the end, that Association Football was to be his selection for as well as his present strong connections with this game, Mr. Black is also a former player.

For me the success of the Blaxnit has been the excellent organisation behind it. Previous North-South competitions died on their feet because the clubs concerned were allowed too much freedom in picking dates for their games. Very often this resulted in games being delayed too long and in the end the competitions simply petered out. But with the Blaxnit the organisers simply arranged venues and dates and the clubs got on with the actual games—no bother, no mix-ups, no fuss and some quite thrilling football.

And make no mistake about it, the football in this competition has been exceptionally high. The pairings were, to a certain extent, fixed in that each country was assured of two games. In the opening round Ards began the competition (which was only fitting) with a home game against Shamrock Rovers, the FAI Cup holders; Crusaders, the Irish Cup holders, were also at home to Drumcondra; Waterford, beaten FAI Cup finalists, entertained Linfield, beaten Irish Cup finalists; Dundalk were at home to Derry City.

In that opening round one myth was well and truly buried. It was said often in the past that the standard of Irish League soccer was much higher than that of the League of Ireland but after the dust had settled from the opening games only one Northern Ireland team remained —Crusaders, who had hammered a lifeless Drumcondra 6-1 before 4,000 spectators at a rain-soaked Seaview.

Linfield, Derry City and Ards all fell and in the semi-finals Shamrock Rovers met Waterford while Dundalk travelled North to meet Crusaders. Here, too, lay the dangers for the new competition. If, as nearly happened, all the clubs from one country were defeated in the early stages then the success of the competition would, naturally, be limited.

Luckily for the Blaxnit, and for the tarnished name of the Irish League, Crusaders struggled through their encounter with Dundalk for a 1-0 win and went into the final (a two-leg affair) against Rovers. It was, then, the final between the respective Cup winners and promised much.

In the first-leg game at Windsor Park, Belfast, before a 10,000 crowd, Crusaders had to win with at least two goals to spare to make their trip to Dublin's Dalymount Park worthwhile.

REVIVAL

Crusaders, who had experienced a revival since their shock retention of the Irish Cup against favourites Linfield, were the underdogs yet again for Rovers are the top side in the South (they picked up their Cup for the fifth season running and play a sweet brand of football that belies the contention that Southern football is of a lower class than up here).

Rovers, infamously slow starters, got off to their usual slow start and in the first 25 minutes it looked as if Crusaders, throwing everything into the attack, would get those much-needed goals. It didn't work out that way and after withstanding everything the red-and-black shirted Belfast side threw at them the green-and-white shirted Dubliners got two goals themselves to go into the second-leg game almost certainly the first winners of Europe's first sponsored competition.

Aside from their disappointing display in the first game, Crusaders have done the Irish League reasonably well. When they were rated as one of the weakest Northern representatives other, more fancied, clubs from this corner of the island spluttered and died away. Crues, unfashionable and vastly underrated, were left to hold off the combined might of some of Eire's leading outfits.

In another way the success of the hard-up Shore Road club came at an excellent moment for there was much talk, after they had retained the Irish Cup, of them not going into the hat for the European Cup-Winners' Cup draw because of lack of ready cash.

SERIOUS

These past two seasons have been the most successful in the club's history and, ironically, their most difficult financially. At the start of last season they lost their dressing-rooms in a serious fire which left them without so much as a bootlace. Last season saw them win their first Irish Cup at their first attempt and journey into the heady world of European soccer for the first time.

They were drawn against Spanish Cup winners Valencia and lost heavily in the first-leg game away from home. In the return leg—played at the Oval, Belfast, which had been loaned free by Glentoran (the club Crues had beaten in the Irish Cup final)—the Belfast soccer public let them down badly and the game was played in a half-empty ground. Surprisingly enough, the people who stayed away missed a great display of soccer from BOTH sides for Crues gave the Spaniards a run for their money in that exciting second game.

When the drama had passed Crusaders were left to face the reality of a loss of £1,000 on their European venture—and it was a loss which they could ill afford for their efforts are being channelled into getting a new headquarters and social club off the ground at Seaview.

When they won the Cup again this year it really put the cat among the pigeons for officials of the club, noted for their head-in-the-sand approach to football, said that they would have to think seriously about European re-entry.

While most supporters reckoned there was no sweat and that the club would take part in the Cup-Winners' Cup competition the fact that such debating had to be done in the first place showed the club in its proper light. A little side, with small-minded officials content to be small fry in a small pool.

PROBLEMS

Along came the Blaxnit with its financial returns on the "gates" and the prize money (and Crues, by merely getting to the Final, collected £500) and the immediate problems of financing a European trip were partly solved.

While the Blaxnit is a success one has, naturally, still some reservations. Is, for instance, the idea of having Cup semi-finalists competing a good one?

It's a great competition, a successful competition, a competition that has provided the fans with some brilliant football and the clubs with much-needed ready cash. It's also a competition which has helped, in no small way, to bring the two sections of this divided country together even for 90 minutes.

For instance, in the Linfield-Waterford game nobody objected when Linfield supporters wore the red-white-blue colours which have for the Southern Irish, unhappy associations with their troubled past. Nobody objected when Shamrock Rovers supporters brought up green-white-gold colours to support their side with — could the Blaxnit have achieved something which generations of politicians have failed to do?

Perhaps that's another story for another day!

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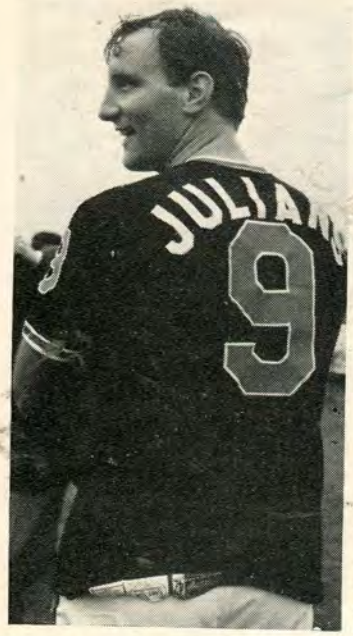
North American Section 1

CROWDS CAUSE CONCERN

by Colin Jose



LEN JULIANS

WITH the North American Soccer League just seven weeks old attendances are already causing grave concern amongst the owners. As a result it has been suggested that certain changes in the rules might help to attract more fans.

This season it was expected that attendances would rise over the NPSL figures of last season as the game began to catch on. However, the opposite has been the effect and crowds are alarmingly low in some centres and down in most of the others.

From this Bill Bergesch, general manager of the New York Generals, has deduced that more action around the goalmouth is what is needed to attract the fans and in order to attain this the offside rule must go.

Accordingly Bergesch has asked Dick Walsh, commissioner of the Eastern Conference, if he will seek permission from FIFA for the NASL to abolish the offside rule on a trial basis. If this is not acceptable he would like to paint two blue lines from touchline to touchline 18 yards out from the goal line and allow offsides in this area alone, *à la* ice hockey.

One would sincerely hope that neither of these suggestions reaches Zurich, and if they do that FIFA will tell the NASL in no uncertain terms to play the game the way it is played throughout the world or quit.

Suggestions for improving the game are always welcome, providing they are for the benefit of soccer as a whole and are given a good trial under the auspices of FIFA, but no country should be allowed to have a separate set of rules to suit themselves.

Eliminating the offside rule, painting blue lines on the field, widening the goals, changing the points system, dividing the game into four quarters, connecting the referee's watch to the scoreboard electronically or having two referees or any other gimmicks the NASL may be able to think up will not help the game here one iota; in fact it will only drive away the fans who do attend.

Encountered

There are many reasons why the NASL matches are not attracting the crowds the club owners expected. They are the same reasons encountered for many years by other people who have tried to make the game a major sport here, and have been listed at various times by a number of writers on the pages of WORLD SOCCER.

Last month I pointed out that soccer has an enormous following on television, but that people will not move out of their armchair and away from their bottle of beer and go to a game. Instead of trying to change the rules the NASL would be better disposed in trying to find out why these people prefer to watch soccer on TV but would rather watch American football or ice hockey live.

There is one thing that the NASL and its predecessors have done and that is draw attention to the game, and through television make more people aware of its existence. In recent weeks I have seen boys playing soccer on the streets and in school playgrounds and this is something I have never seen before; and is a sign that what little publicity the game has been getting has had some effect, even though it does not show up in attendance figures.

In general the standard of play this season has been higher than in the NPSL last season, but like last year there has been far too much accent on playing the man instead of the ball. In the 53 games played up to and including May 7, 1,617 fouls had been called, an average of over 30 per game. The major culprits have been the Atlanta Chiefs with 138 infringements, other than offsides, awarded against them in six games, and the San Diego Toros with 132 in eight games.

This is what is slowing up activity around the goalmouth, not the offside rule, for anyone who gets himself in scoring position finds himself chopped down unceremoniously and some games are one long series of free kicks.

Fines and suspensions seem to have little effect, and it is up to the clubs to stamp this kind of thing out if they want the game to succeed. One other way might be to fine the coaches if their team commits above a certain number of fouls in a game, this way they would not wish to use this as a tactic, and players who played the man in preference to the ball would find themselves warming the bench more often than not.

Publicity

The league must also concentrate more on publicity and in overcoming an anti soccer press, which has many fans protesting that it is impossible to follow soccer here or anywhere else in the world because results and information are almost non-existent and when they do appear are completely erroneous or misleading.

While the press is only too willing to ignore the interests of

DALLAS TOUR RESULTS

THE so called world tour of the Dallas Tornado from Spain, through Asia and on to the islands of the Pacific, is interesting not only for the results achieved but also for the obvious popularity of the game in these parts.

Due mainly to the co-operation of Ron Griffith, Texas correspondent of the soccer paper *Tele-Sport* and in part to the Tornado players, the complete record of this tour has finally come to hand.

Date	Team and Country	Attendance	Dallas	Opponents
22 8 67	Cordoba, Spain	15,000	0	4
29 8 67	Aleda, Spain	500	5	4
8 9 67	Coria, Seville, Spain	2,000	3	2
15 9 67	U.D.T. Tangier	3,000	3	2
20 9 67	Real Oviedo, Spain	15,000	0	4
10 10 67	Fenerbache, Istanbul, Turkey	5,000	2	2
13 10 67	Apoel, Nicosia, Cyprus	1,000	2	4
14 10 67	Apollon, Limassol, Cyprus	2,500	2	5
17 10 67	Iran Air Force, Iran	2,000	1	2
18 10 67	Showa, Teheran, Iran	2,000	1	1
20 10 67	Iran (at Shiraz), Iran	5,000	1	2
22 10 67	Rasht, Iran	10,000	1	4
24 10 67	Shahi, Iran	5,000	2	2
27 10 67	Karachi, Pakistan	25,000	2	0
29 10 67	Lahore, Pakistan	10,000	1	4
1 11 67	Dacca, Pakistan,	40,000	2	5
3 11 67	Chittagong, Pakistan	40,000	1	1
5 11 67	Calcutta, India	50,000	0	0
8 11 67	Delhi, India	20,000	0	1
12 11 67	Bombay, India	20,000	1	5
15 11 67	Bangalore, India	30,000	1	3
19 11 67	Madras, India	20,000	4	1
17 11 67	Hyderabad, India	17,500	0	0
22 11 67	Ceylon	20,000	1	2
24 11 67	Ceylon	25,000	0	3
28 11 67	Rangoon, Burma	35,000	0	4
1 12 67	Rangoon, Burma	35,000	1	3
3 12 67	Singapore	2,000	2	4
8 12 67	Djakarta, Indonesia	30,000	0	2
10 12 67	Djakarta, Indonesia	50,000	1	6
14 12 67	South Viet Nam (in Saigon)		1	1
16 12 67	Saigon Select, Viet Nam		2	2
20 12 67	Formosa (in Taipei), Taiwan	50,000	3	2
24 12 67	Mitsubishi (in Tokyo), Japan		1	2
26 12 67	Mitsubishi (in Osaka), Japan		2	3
1 1 68	Manila, Philippines	25,000	7	0
6 1 68	Manila, Philippines		1	2
10 1 68	Queensland (in Brisbane), Australia		0	1
17 1 68	South Australia (in Adelaide), Australia		3	2
19 1 68	Sydney, Australia		1	2
24 1 68	Christchurch, New Zealand		2	2
27 1 68	Auckland, New Zealand		2	3
2 2 68	Fiji	3,000	10	2
4 2 68	Fiji	5,000	3	1
11 2 68	Papeete, Tahiti		0	3

North American Section 2

a large group of its readers, it is more than willing to predict the eventual failure of the NASL. On May 10 the *Atlanta Journal* screamed triumphantly that the great soccer experiment is in danger of collapse and that the league may only survive this season. The story said: "The people simply are not taking to the sport."

Newspapers that normally ignore the game and have contributed nothing towards its growth, gleefully picked this story up and printed it. No, Mr. Bergesch, changing the rules will not help. There is far more to the poor attendance figures than eliminating offsides can change.

Elimination

In the league competition itself the crazy points system and the interlocking schedule between the four divisions is making it even more difficult for fans to follow, and the elimination of the six points for a win idea could easily be accomplished for it does not make the slightest difference to the league tables to return to the normal.

The Pacific Division of the Western Conference would appear to be the strongest single division in the league, with Oakland and Vancouver expected to be battling for the title, presently being overshadowed by San Diego and Los Angeles.

San Diego who as the Los Angeles Toros finished in last place in the Western Division of the NPSL last season, are a big surprise with Uruguayan Cirilio Fernandez the league's leading goalscorer with eight. Fernandez was with the Toros last season but he tallied only four times in the 14 games he played.

The Los Angeles Wolves, coached by former Manchester United goalkeeper Ray Wood, are undefeated at the time of writing. The Wolves only put a team together at the last moment, and the majority of their players are Englishmen with experience in the Third and Fourth Divisions.

Both Oakland and Vancouver have been playing quite well, and in any other division might well be on top. Oakland have a fine defence with goalkeeper Mirko Stojanovic outstanding but are having trouble finding the net, while Vancouver are finding it difficult to win on the road.

At the opposite end of the country in the Atlantic Division it is Atlanta with much the same team as last season who are leading the way. The rest of the clubs in this division are only producing in and out form, while Baltimore, favourites to win this league, have made a disastrous start winning just one of their first six games.

The Atlanta Chiefs went to Oakland on May 1 in an interlocking game and took away the Clippers' ground record with a one to nothing victory. Once again it was Phil Woosnam who came off the bench late in the game who set up the winning goal as he has done on several occasions this season. This was the Clippers' first home loss in 19 games in the NPSL and the NASL.

In the Lakes Division Cleveland are benefiting from a long series of injuries to Detroit players to lead the division. Since the Cougars opened their training camp in Jamaica they have lost Gus Moffatt with a fractured right leg, Jim Standen and Dick Kaminke with torn knee ligaments, Tommy Coakley with a back injury, and Lars Heinemann with possible cartilage trouble.

The player shortage became so acute that coach Len Julians had to put himself on the active list, but in the game against Washington he fractured his left arm in three places and dislocated his shoulder, in a collision with a Washington player. Of course as a result of all this Detroit are not having anything like as good a season to date as they were expected to and are currently in third place.

Population

Of the other two teams in this division, Chicago are inconsistent while Toronto after failing to win any of their first five games, which were on the road, finally won, beating New York in their first home match.

The Metropolitan area of the city of Chicago, Illinois according to the National Geographic Magazine, had a population of 7,237,500 in 1965. On April 24 a total of 336 of them watched the Chicago Mustangs play the Atlanta Chiefs, the lowest attendance for a professional soccer game in the two seasons, in which the leagues have been in operation.

This attendance plus many others in the "mini" bracket obviously precipitated the crisis amongst the owners and is leading them along the foolhardy path of contemplating rule changes.

A team that has made the fans sit up and take notice are the Houston Stars, they currently lead the Gulf Division and from all reports and results are one of the finest in the NASL. However, they are not enjoying anything like the attendances they had in the USA last season when they were represented by the Brazilian club Bangu. Their present average is close to 2,500, while last year it stood at 19,803.

Kansas City, their closest challengers, are a pleasant surprise both on and off the field. The Spurs have been playing entertaining soccer with Eric Barber and Ernie Winchester playing particularly well. The dispute over Winchester who defected from Aberdeen last season was settled when Kansas City agreed to pay $20,000 to the Scottish club for the player.

Risen steadily

At the box office crowds have risen steadily. An attendance of 4,211 saw the opening match and five games later this had risen to 7,191.

St. Louis have been having player troubles including a transfer dispute over Austrian international goalkeeper Gernot Fraydl who may now leave the Stars to play in Germany. Coach Rudi Gutendorf put himself on the active list in order to try to add punch to the Stars' listless attack and St. Louis promptly hammered the Dallas Tornado 8-2.

JIM STANDEN

LEAGUE TABLES

(Up to and including May 12)

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Atlantic Division	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	Points Reg	Points NASL
Atlanta Chiefs	9	6	1	2	15	9	13	53
New York Generals	7	2	3	2	11	12	7	32
Washington Whips	7	2	2	3	11	13	6	27
Boston Beacons ...	8	1	2	5	12	22	4	24
Baltimore Bays	7	1	1	5	6	11	3	15
Lakes Division								
Cleveland Stokers ...	6	2	3	1	9	8	7	30
Chicago Mustangs...	8	1	4	3	13	16	6	29
Detroit Cougars ...	6	3	0	3	12	10	6	27
Toronto Falcons ...	6	1	2	3	6	18	4	18

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Gulf Division	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	Points Reg	Points NASL
Houston Stars	6	4	1	1	19	4	9	37
Kansas City Spurs	7	3	1	3	17	10	7	32
St. Louis Stars	7	2	1	4	12	19	5	21
Dallas Tornado ...	7	0	1	6	7	30	1	10
Pacific Division								
San Diego Toros ...	10	7	1	2	23	9	15	65
Oakland Clippers ...	8	5	2	1	14	4	12	47
Los Angeles Wolves	6	4	2	0	12	5	10	41
Vancouver Royals...	9	4	1	4	14	14	9	40

(The last two columns show points under the normal system and under the NASL system.)

North American Section 3

DIRECTORY

ATLANTA CHIEFS

Ground: Atlanta Stadium, Atlanta, Georgia. Capacity 51,383
Coach: Phil Woosnam, Wales — Leyton Orient, West Ham, Aston Villa

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Ray Bloomfield, England	Aston Villa
Vic Crowe, Wales	Aston Villa, Peterborough United
Everald Cummings, Trinidad	Fatima College, Trinidad
Willie Evans, Ghana	Hearts of Oak (Accra)
Gordon Ferry, England	Arsenal, Leyton Orient
Brian Hughes, Wales	Swansea Town
Sven Lindberg, Sweden	Hammarby
Emment Kapengwe, Zambia	Kitwe United
Willie McIntosh, Scotland	Hearts, Cowdenbeath, Aberdeen
Peter McParland, Ireland	Aston Villa, Wolves, Plymouth Argyle
Kaiser Motaung, South Africa	Orlando Pirates
Freddie Mwila, Zambia	Rhokana United
Ron Newman, England	Portsmouth, Leyton Orient, Gillingham
Graham Newton, England	Bournemouth
Delroy Scott, Jamaica	Cavaliers (Kingston)
Harold Hansen, Canada	Burnaby Villa
Vic Rouse, Wales	Crystal Palace, Leyton Orient
John Cocking, England	Enfield

BALTIMORE BAYS

Ground: Memorial Stadium, Baltimore, Maryland. Capacity 52,185
Coach: Gordon Jago, England — Charlton Athletic

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Carmelo, Spain	Espanol, Atletico Bilbao
Winston Earle, Trinidad	
Leif Klassen, Sweden	IFK Gothenburg
Calixto Mendez, Spain	Huelva
Alex Nikolic, Yugoslavia	Red Star
Lincoln Phillips, Trinidad	
David Primo, Bulgaria	Hapoel Tel Aviv
Orlando Rijzenburg, Surinam	Transvaal
Juan Santisteban, Spain	Real Madrid, Venezia
Joe Speca, USA	St. Gerards, Baltimore
Guy St. Vil, Haiti	National, Haiti
Goucho Tejada, Argentina	Velez Sarsfield, Corunna (Spain)
Uriel da Veiga, Brazil	Olaria
Dennis Viollet, England	Manchester United, Stoke City
Art Welsh, Jamaica	Cavaliers (Kingston)
Asher Welsh, Jamaica	Cavaliers (Kingston)
Zemaria, Brazil	Olaria

BOSTON BEACONS

Ground: Fenway Park, Boston, Massachusetts. Capacity 33,700
Coach: Jack Mansell, England — Portsmouth

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Eric Dyreborg, Denmark	
Billy Fraser, Scotland	Hearts, Washington Darts
Tony Gulin, Yugoslavia	Rijeka
Jurgen Henriksen, Denmark	Hvidovre
Thomas Kelly, Eire	Bohemians
David Largie, Jamaica	Santos (Jamaica)
Luis Mayoral, France	Atletico Madrid, Baltimore Bays
Lloyd McLean, Jamaica	Santos (Jamaica)
Paddy Mulligan, Eire	Shamrock Rovers
Jorge Miguel, Brazil	Sao Bento, Boston Tigers
John Steen Olsen, Denmark	Hvidovre
John Petersen, Denmark	Hvidovre
Davey Pugh, Eire	Shamrock Rovers
Paul Sideropoulos, Greece	Gordon College (Boston)
Dennis Ziadie, Jamaica	
Karl Minor, Germany	West Ham, Baltimore Bays
Orest Banach, USA	

CHICAGO MUSTANGS

Ground: White Sox Park, Chicago. Capacity 46,550
Coach: George Meyer

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Adolf Bachmeier	Chicago Kickers
John Battista, Argentina	River Plate
Tom Cecic, Argentina	Chicago Olympic
Tom Fotiadias	Chicago Olympic
Robert Gansler	
James Gibson, England	Newcastle United, Luton Town
Larry Hausmann	St. Louis Kutis
Harold Juarez, Guatemala	Communicaciones, Zelaju
John Kowalik, Poland	Krakow
Gerd Langer, Germany	Eintracht Braunsweig
Tom Milisevic	
Ed Murphy	Chicago Maroons
Ray Olsen, Norway	Norwegian Americans
Bozo Spajic	Chicago Olympic
Dan Stojovic, Yugoslavia	Sutjeska (Niksic)
Peter Sulincevsky	
Turgut Yelmer, Turkey	Fenerbache

CLEVELAND STOKERS

Ground: Cleveland Stadium, Cleveland, Ohio. Capacity 78,000.
Coach: Norman Low, England

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Dietrict Albrecht, Germany	Philadelphia Spartans
John Best, England	Liverpool, Tranmere Rovers, Stockport County
John Borodiak, Argentina	San Lorenzo, Philadelphia Spartans
John Brookes	Sheffield United, Sheffield Wednesday
Joseph Kuzman, Hungary	Besiktas, Real Betis, Philadelphia Spartans
Manuel Mendonza, Portugal	Atletico Madrid, Rennes
Enrique Mateos, Spain	Real Madrid, Torrelavega, Sevilla
Ruben Navarro, Argentina	Independiente, Philadelphia Spartans
Paul Shardlow, England	Stoke City
Peter Short, England	Wolves, Philadelphia Spartans
Jesus Tartilan, Spain	Real Betis, Espanol
Roy Turner, England	Everton, Philadelphia Spartans
Marko Bilic, Yugoslavia	

DALLAS TORNADO

Ground: Turnpike Stadium, Dallas, Texas. Capacity 20,000
Coach: Bob Kap

Player and Nation

Chris Bachofner (Netherlands), Jan Book (Sweden), Billy Crosbie (England), Petter Enger (Norway), Andy Fargi (Norway), Eddie Hall (England), Brian Harvey (England), Odd Ivar Lindberg (Norway), Per Larsen (Norway), Dave Moorcroft (England), Bobby Roach (England), Mike Renshaw (England), John Stewart (England), Alfons Stoffels (Netherlands), Chris Tonning (Sweden).

DETROIT COUGARS

Ground: Tiger Stadium, Detroit, Michigan. Capacity 53,089
Coach: Len Julians, England — Arsenal, Nottm Forest, Millwall

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Andy Burgin, England	Sheffield Wednesday
Walter Bruce, Ireland	Glentoran
Roy Cheetham, England	Manchester City
Tommy Coakley, England	Arsenal
Jorgen Christiansen, Denmark	
Willie Hunter, Scotland	Motherwell
Edner Breton, Haiti	Racing Club
Claude Barthelemy, Haiti	Racing Club
Dick Howard, England	Chester, Hamilton Primos
Gunther Kaminke, Germany	Kaiserslautern
Manfred Kammerer, Germany	TSG Augsburg, Atlanta Chiefs
John Kerr, Scotland	Partick Thistle, Hamilton Primos
Lars Heinemann, Sweden	Elfsborg Boras
Ken McDonald, Scotland	Kilmarnock, Carlisle United, Hamilton Primos
Angus Moffat, Scotland	Kilmarnock
Brian Snowden, England	Portsmouth, Millwall
Jim Standen, England	Arsenal, Luton, West Ham
Barry Rowan, England	Millwall, Oakland Clippers
Barry Brown, Ireland	Linfield

HOUSTON STARS

Ground: Houston Astrodome, Houston, Texas. Capacity 44,400
Coach: Geza Henni, Hungary

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Kresten Bjerre, Denmark	Academinsk
Jim Benedek, Hungary	Green White (Chicago)
Pepe Dill, Bermuda	Devonshire Lions
Pavle Garov, Yugoslavia	Hajduk
Luis Juracy, Brazil	Pachuca (Mexico)
Branko Kraljevic, Yugoslavia	N.K. Split
Stanko Mrduljas, Yugoslavia	VfR Pforzheim, Hajduk
Jerry Mueller, USA	St. Louis Kutis
Tibor Magyar, Hungary	Hungaria Sport Toronto
Leif Nielsen, Denmark	Frem
Tony Pletikosic, Yugoslavia	Maribor
Billy Psifidis, Greece	German-American Sport (New York)
Ilija Tojagic, Yugoslavia	Sarajevo, St. Louis Stars
Mile Tomljenovic, Yugoslavia	Nogometni Club, Rijecka
Tibor Szalay, Hungary	Seville, Barcelona, Besiktas, Philadelphia Spatns.
Tibor Vigh, Hungary	New York Hungaria

GEORGE KIRBY of New York Generals. (W1)

KANSAS CITY SPURS

Ground: Municipal Stadium, Kansas City, Missouri. Capacity 33,703
Coach: Janos Bedl, Hungary

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Heinz Banshwitz, Germany	Eintracht Gelsenkirchen
Eric Barber, England	Birmingham City
Gerit Borghous, Netherlands	Ajax
Tom Basic, Yugoslavia	Segesta, Locomotive, Sibenik
Iris De Brito, Brazil	Inter-Milan, New York Generals
Gino De Robertis, Italy	Bari
Wolfgang Glock, Germany	Eintracht Gelsenkirchen
Uwe Gobel, Germany	Horst Emscher, Pittsburgh Phantoms
Joe Haverty, Eire	Arsenal, Blackburn Rovers, Millwall, Bristol C.
Bertes Hoogermann, Netherlands	DWS Amsterdam, Pittsburgh Phantoms
Waldemar Kaszubski, Poland	Stettin
Manfred Muhlmann, Germany	
Jimmy Plessas, Greece	
Willie Roy, USA	Hansa Chicago
Manfred Rummel, Germany	Kaiserslautern, Pittsburgh Phantoms
Manfred Seissler, Germany	Eintracht Trier, Pittsburgh Phantoms
Mladen Vrankovic, Yugoslavia	Rijecka
Gehard Weidemaier, Germany	Eintracht Duisberg, Pittsburgh Phantoms
Ernie Winchester, Scotland	Aberdeen

LOS ANGELES WOLVES

Ground: Rose Bowl, Pasadena, California. Capacity 100,000
Coach: Ray Wood, England Manchester United, Huddersfield Town

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Jorge Benitez, Peru	Boston Tigers
John Briscoe, England	Barnsley
Danny Campbell, England	West Bromwich Albion
Hugh Cunningham, England	Fulham
Brian Gallagher, England	Stockport County
Jim Houliston, England	Fulham
Tony Knapp, England	Coventry, Nottm Forest, Leicester, Southampton
Jerry Lightowler, England	Bradford
Carlos Metidieri, Argentina	Boston Tigers, Toronto Italia Falcons
Gilson Metidieri, Argentina	Boston Tigers
Jorge Piotti, Argentina	Boston Tigers, Toronto Italia Falcons
Ed Reeves, England	Brentford
Ray Veall, England	Huddersfield Town
Mickey Walker, Eire	Sligo Rovers
Leif Dag Wernied, Norway	Fredrikstad
Malcolm White, England	Halifax Town

NEW YORK GENERALS

Ground: Yankee Stadium, New York City. Capacity 67,000
Coach: Freddie Goodwin, England Manchester United, Leeds United

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Julio Alas, Argentina	Boca Juniors
Warren Archibald, Trinidad	St. Benedict College
Michael Ash, England	Scunthorpe United, Sheffield United
Gordon Bradley, England	Sunderland, Bradford, Carlisle United
Herb Finken, Germany	Cologne, Tasmania 1900, Pittsburgh Phantoms
George Kirby, England	Everton, Sheffield Wednesday, Southampton, Plymouth Argyle, Walsall
Barry Mahy, England	Scunthorpe United
Luis Mas, Argentina	Boca Juniors
Luis Menotti, Argentina	Rosario Central, Boca Juniors
Neville Oxford, Jamaica	Kingston College
Dieter Perau, Germany	Schwarz-Weiss Essen, Pittsburgh Phantoms
Co Prins, Netherlands	Ajax Kaiserslautern, Pittsburgh Phantoms
Geoff Sidebottom, England	Wolves, Aston Villa, Scunthorpe United
Tony Singleton, England	Preston North End
Jan Steadman, Trinidad	St. Benedict College
Phillipe Vorbe, Haiti	Violett AC
Barry Wright, England	Leeds United

OAKLAND CLIPPERS

Ground: Oakland-Alameda Coliseum, Oakland, California. Capacity 53,000
Coach: Ivan Toplak, Yugoslavia Red Star

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Mario Baesso, Brazil	Sonsonate (El Salvador)
Stefan Bena, Yugoslavia	Hanover
Milan Cop, Yugoslavia	Red Star
Dimitri Davidovic, Yugoslavia	
Dragan Djukic, Yugoslavia	Red Star, Radnicki
Momcilo Gavric, Yugoslavia	OFK Belgrade
Trond Hoftvedt, Norway	IFK Stockholm
Edgar Marin, Costa Rica	Deportivo Saprissa
Selimir Milosevic, Yugoslavia	Red Star
Ilija Mitic, Yugoslavia	Partizan, OFK Belgrade
William Quiros, Costa Rica	Deportivo Saprissa
Melvin Scott, England	Chelsea, Brentford
Mirko Stojanovic, Yugoslavia	Red Star
Kay-Arne Wiestal, Sweden	Holmsund
Ademar Saccone, Uruguay	Atletico Marte (El Salvador)
Jose Constancia, Netherlands Antilles	Detroit Cougars

SAN DIEGO TOROS

Ground: Balboa Stadium, San Diego, California. Capacity 33,000
Coach: George Curtis

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Alberto Baeza, Mexico	Nexaca
Humberto Arrieta, Mexico	America
Ron Crisp, England	Watford, Brentford
Severo De Sales, Mexico	America
Eli Durante, Brazil	Flamengo, Emelec
Cirilio Fernandez, Uruguay	Emelec
Ray Freeman, England	Bedford Town
Jose Luis Lopez, Mexico	Universidad Mexico
Mihalj Mesaros, Hungary	Trikala (Greece), Partizan
Miroslav Milovanovic, Yugoslavia	OFK Belgrade
Felipe Orta, Mexico	Cruz Azul
Ataulfo Sanchez, Mexico	America
Novak Tomic, Yugoslavia	Hajduk, Red Star
Vava, Brazil	Vasco Da Gama, Corinthians, Palmeiras, Atletico Madrid, America (Mexico)
Blagoje Vidinic, Yugoslavia	OFK Belgrade, Sion

North American Section 4

ST. LOUIS STARS

Ground: Busch Memorial Stadium, St. Louis, Missouri. Capacity 50,000
Coach: Rudi Gutendorf

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Don Ceresia, USA	St. Louis Billikens
Eddie Clear, USA	
Kasimier Frankiewicz, Poland	Borac, Bayern Hof
Gernot Fraydl, Austria	FK Austria, Wacker Innsbruck, Philadelphia
Josef Fuhrmann, Germany	IUS Nuendorf
Carl Gentile, USA	St. Louis Billikens
Milonja Kalicanin, Yugoslavia	Radnicki, Besiktas
Laslo Kaszas, Hungary	Real Madrid, Espanol, Philadelphia Spartans
Jack Kinealy, USA	St. Louis Billikens
Nick Krat, USA	Michigan University, Chicago Spurs
Rudolf Kolbl, Germany	Munich 1860, Padova, Genova
Mike Markovic, Yugoslavia	Jedinstrov (Belgrade)
Pat McBride, USA	St. Louis Billikens
Joachim Puls, Poland	Polonia Bytom
Norbert Pogrzeba, Poland	Polonia Bytom
Milo Rus, Yugoslavia	

TORONTO FALCONS

Ground: Varsity Stadium, Toronto, Ontario. Capacity 25,000
Coach: Ladislav Kubala, Hungary Ferencvaros, Barcelona

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Eddie Barker, England	Sheffield Wednesday, Middlesbrough
Mario Barone, Canada	
Juan Benegas, Spain	Sabadell, Valladolid, Cordova, Coruna
Ken Bracewell, England	Burnley, Lincoln City
Richard Clark, Guatemala	Municipal
Pedro Cubilla, Uruguay	Penarol, Defensor
Julio Fonseca, Honduras	Marathon, Bita Beba
Miguel Iguaran, Spain	Eibar, Oviedo, Mallorca, Lerida
Gus Jimenez, Costa Rica	Cartinesa
Victor Jurisevic, Yugoslavia	Sloboda, Istra, Windsor Teutonia
Allan Harvey, England	Leeds United, Lincoln City
Branko Kubala, Czechoslovakia	Sabadell, Espanol
Tony Lecce, Italy	Boston Tigers
Juan Lima, Spain	Espanol, Cordova
Oscar Lopez, Argentina	Racing, Lanus, Talleres, El Porvenir
Raul Magana, El Salvador	FAS (Santa Ana), Il Municipal
Jose Luis Ponce, Spain	Real Murcia, Elche
Charles Soto, Costa Rica	Cartinesa
Bernardo Vargas, Argentina	Racing, Argentinos Juniors

VANCOUVER ROYALS

Ground: Empire Stadium, Vancouver, British Columbia. Capacity 35,000
Coach: Ferenc Puskas, Hungary Kispest, Honved, Real Madrid

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Kirk Apostolides, Greece	Greek Americans (San Francisco)
Cheung Chi-Doy, Hong Kong	Blackpool, Sing Tao
Cheung Chi-Wai, Hong Kong	Sing Tao
Antonio Collar, Spain	Las Palmas, Real Murcia
Bobby Cram, England	West Bromwich Albion
Gary De Long, USA	
Peter Dinsdale, England	Huddersfield Town
Johnny Green, England	Blackpool, Port Vale
Janos Hanek, Hungary	Standard Liege, Eintracht Frankfurt
Henry Hill, England	Fulham
Henry Klein, Luxembourg	Tirlemont
Tamas Krivitz, Hungary	Ujpesti-Dosza
Gerrit Lagendijk, Netherlands	ADO The Hague
Gyorgy Liptak, Hungary	Standard Liege, Ferencvaros
Pat O'Connell, England	Crystal Palace
Joachim Rey, Spain	Real Madrid, Segoviani
Attila Sandor, Germany	German Americans (San Francisco)
Chris Varnavas, Cyprus	
Lajos Vicek, Yugoslavia	Vojvodina

WASHINGTON WHIPS

Ground: DC Stadium, Washington DC. Capacity 45,016
Coach: Andre Nagy

Player and Nation	Some Previous Clubs
Agyemang Gyau, Ghana	Brong-Ahafo United
Kaj Hansen, Denmark	Frem
Vagn Hedeager, Denmark	
Neils Huttel, Denmark	Veijle
Henry Largie, Jamaica	Atlanta Chiefs
John Knydbol, Denmark	Odense
Roberto Mauro, Brazil	Atletico Minero
Frank Odoi, Ghana	Olympics
Oliveira, Brazil	Cruzeiro
Jack Reilly, Scotland	Hibernian
Siega, Brazil	German-Hungarians (New York)
Finn Willy Sorensen, Denmark	Frem
Sousa, Brazil	Atletico Minero
Tonho, Brazil	Cruzeiro
John Worbye, Denmark	Hvidovre
Vitorio Casa, Argentina	San Lorenzo

Note: Nation indicates birthplace or present nationality. Each club is allowed to have 18 players on the active list, and must take 15 players to each away game. A club may also place players on the injured list, but when a player recovers from injury must decide whether to keep him and cut one of the players on the active list, or remove him from their roster.

Clubs listed alongside coaches' names are clubs they played for, not the clubs they have coached. Only nationality is listed alongside the Dallas players for most of them have had little first-class experience.

Forgotten years of MALCOLM ALLISON

KEY IS COURAGE — PLUS!

Special Story by PAUL PARISH

THERE was never any doubt in his mind that one day he would be coaching the most successful side in the land. And if winning the Football League Championship is the yardstick of success Malcolm Allison is as good as his word.

But then Allison is no ordinary man.

It was in a Cardiff restaurant more than six years ago that I listened to Allison talking about "his" team. The team of the future. The team coaxed, cajoled and bullied to success by this former Charlton and West Ham centre-half.

They were prophetic words though Allison cannot be termed a prophet. Rather that he is the most determined man I have ever met. His courage knows no bounds and though he is so obviously sure of his coaching and soccer knowledge it must not be confused with conceit.

This is Malcolm Allison, the man described by his boss at Manchester City, Joe Mercer, as "the best coach in the world".

I knew Allison when he was a forgotten man. At that time he was rather like the man who had fallen off a mountain, had looked up and said to himself: "I'm going to climb you if it's the last thing I do."

When Manchester City finally established themselves as Football League Champions, the mountain had been climbed.

Allison had disappeared from football at the beginning of the 1957–58 football season. He was struck down with a serious chest complaint just as West Ham, the team he captained, were starting what was to be their promotion year.

The clinical smell of a hospital ward replaced the aroma of liniments of the football dressing-room. His life as an active sportsman was finished, the doctors told him, as Allison left hospital with the scars of surgery across chest and back and with one lung collapsed.

The doctors could be excused for making a mistake. They reckoned without that Allison courage and though I fancy it sickened Allison that he could never again achieve the peak of fitness that he had always set himself, he made a comeback.

He joined non-league Romford. First it was just to train. Later to play in the Eastern Counties League with Romford reserves. Ultimately to captain the Romford first team in the Southern League and then leave the club after a dispute.

It infuriated Allison that at times he was a little slow but it didn't discourage him. It probably made him work all the harder.

In fact it was a Southern League match between Merthyr Tydfil and Romford that led me to being a table companion of Allison in that Cardiff restaurant. The third member of our group was a player named Barry Cappi, currently playing for Brentwood Town in the Southern League.

What comprised our meal that night I cannot recall but I do remember that Cappi and I sat virtually silent for the whole meal while Allison talked football through soup, main course, dessert, etc.

Cappi, a good Southern League player who was handicapped more than anything else by an inability to believe in his own talent, grew in stature during that meal.

Allison said that when he had "his" team he would like them all to be of Cappi's build and type. Indeed when I watch players like Francis Lee and Mike Summerbee in action these days I cannot help but recall that conversation.

Cappi felt a better player after that meal and I'm sure that had those remarks been made seconds before a kick-off Barry would have had the game of his life.

Allison has the knack of bringing out the best in other people and never has that been more apparent than in one memorable match that Romford played at Worcester.

Everton were negotiating a transfer deal for Romford's left-winger Peter Kavanagh and Goodison Park talent spotters and a director went to Worcester to watch him in action. Peter, extremely fast and with a really lethal left foot, was at outside-left with Allison left-half.

Coaching

Kavanagh had one of the best games of his life with Allison literally coaching him throughout the game. He told him when to run, when to stop, when to go inside the back or outside the back.

Everton signed Kavanagh for £1,500 after the match and he went almost immediately into the Everton first team. Unlucky Peter, incidentally, had some half a dozen games for Everton before he was put out of the big time with a nasty injury.

Allison's temper has often got him into deep trouble. Referees in particular have undergone some verbal punishment from Malcolm and even during the season before last his acid remarks to men in the middle earned him a suspension.

Not that referees were alone. It was a dangerous exercise to criticise Allison in print in those days. I have stood red faced in the middle of a crowded social club at Romford's ground while Allison has pulled one of my match reports apart. The object of that exercise was to make it quite clear that I knew rather less about soccer than Allison himself.

After that I sympathise with the Manchester City players who are said to have got a "roasting" from Allison at half-time in that title deciding match at Newcastle.

Even Malcolm's son — he was about five or six at the time I recall — was being coached by his Dad. The boy was Allison's constant companion at Romford home games and Malcolm would have him kicking a ball around behind the goal at Romford's spacious Brooklands ground and then sprinting, with correct arm and leg

A celebration cigar for Malcolm Allison after Manchester City had clinched the First Division title. (A)

movements, of course, the 50-yard dash from dressing-room to main gate.

Allison at no time gave the impression that he would fail to succeed. But I suspect that he had prepared himself in the event of his hopes not being realised.

He was co-owner of a dining club in London's Charing Cross Road which was virtually his insurance against failure in soccer coaching.

Managerial

So it proved. For after short spells coaching Cambridge University and then amateurs Wembley, Allison was offered, and accepted, the managerial chair at Bath.

This was the break he needed. Good a coach as he was, Allison needed a shop window to show his ability and he moved to Bath, relinquishing his interests in night club land at the same time.

Allison's first gesture at Bath was to buy a completely new strip for the team though oddly enough his baptism as manager was not a happy one. It was at Romford, where the dispute over his departure had not made him the most popular man, and Bath were crushed 4-1.

Within a year, however, Allison had taken Bath to the third round of the FA Cup where they were drawn at home to then First Division Bolton Wanderers. They held Bolton 1-1 at Twerton Park but lost the replay, without disgrace.

Playing right-back for Bath in those games against Bolton was Tony Book. The remarkable manager-player relationship between Allison and Book had been forged.

Book was as good a full-back as there was in the Southern League but as he was in his mid-twenties his opportunity for further success seemed slight.

Now Book is captain of the Football League champions, having travelled with Allison to Manchester via Plymouth Argyle.

It was Plymouth who gave Allison his first opportunities in the Football League and his short reign in Devon saw the Argyle have one of their best periods in recent years.

And so the move to Manchester City and promotion from the Second Division and the Football League Championship.

Allison is typical of the good players who have striven to become better. It is men of this type, and not the instinctively brilliant footballers, who become, in general, the better managers.

Theories

Allison once told me: "Theories in football are wonderful things. You get ideas and then you have to put them into practice. At first you play it by ear. Of course it's no good having so many theories that the mind just can't take them all in, so you build up slowly."

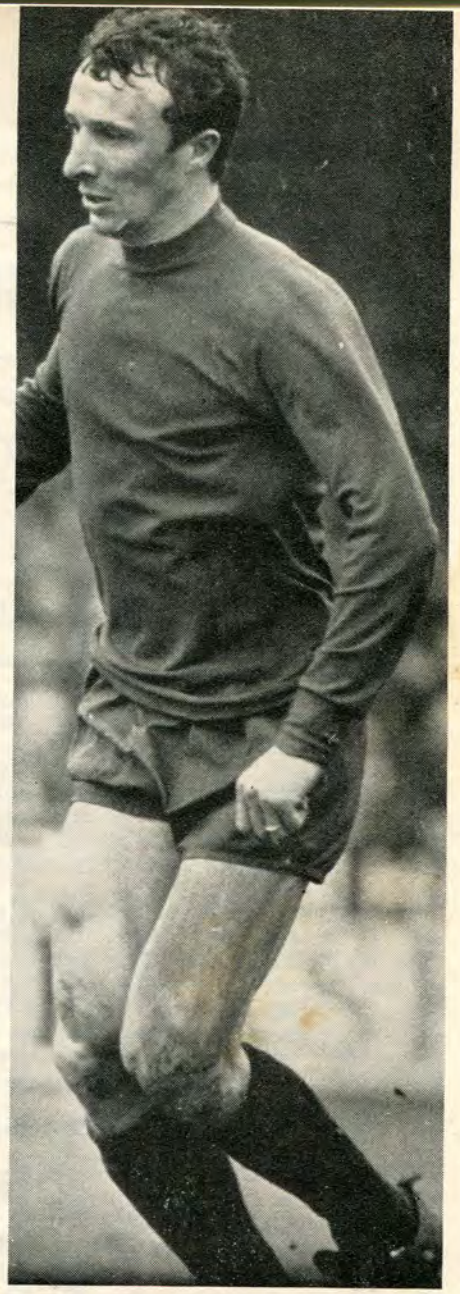
Slowly? For a man who six years ago was on the outside looking in things have happened anything but slowly. He's even written a book on coaching and training methods which has been hailed as one of the best works of its kind.

The contrasting characters of manager Mercer and coach Allison have taken Manchester City to the top. One wonders how the fertile soccer brain of Allison will acclimatise to European Cup soccer.

It's an exciting thought.

NEXT MONTH

The August edition of WORLD SOCCER will include a focus on Martin Peters by Paul Parish. This West Ham United and England star is one of the most under-rated players in the country.



Mike Summerbee, now a full England international, is one player who has undoubtedly benefited from the Allison coaching at Maine Road. (Green)

Philip Rising's Column

A FOOTBALL close season is rapidly becoming a thing of the past . . . for the spectators as well as the players. For a number of summers now the professionals have enjoyed a shortened holiday due to an extension of the season, tours and an earlier start to the next campaign.

The summer of 1966, thanks to the World Cup finals, provided a fiesta of football for the television viewers and the goggle-box watchers haven't done so bad this summer either.

The Football League programme came to an end in May but after the FA Cup final there was still an international against Sweden, the European Cup final, live coverage of England's encounter with West Germany followed by the European Championship.

Great stuff and I'm certainly not complaining. In fact, I think there could have been even more. Why, for example, was the European Cup-Winners' Cup final not broadcast in this country? Presumably because neither of the finalists came from Britain.

Manchester United's emotional victory stirred up excitement among the female TV viewers as did the World Cup final. Admittedly with the match being shown on both channels a large audience of those who don't normally find soccer much of an appeal was assurred but United had the housewives cheering for them.

Nevertheless, I dare say those same housewives were more than a little tired of TV soccer by the time the European Championship was over.

I had my initial taste of colour television when watching the FA Cup final, which probably accounts for the fact that I thought it a better game than most.

Football in colour in one's own home (although I was visiting I might add) is a wonderful experience; particularly when — in black and white—it is difficult to distinguish between the teams.

The only thing I missed was the rapid play-back of goals which is now a feature of televised football. And a most welcome one, too.

HERCULEAN TASK CONFRONTS BROWN

SCOTTISH NEWS by JOHN STONE

BOBBY BROWN, Scotland's never-stand-still team manager, saw the first signs of Scotland's Herculean task if they are to qualify for Mexico's final stages of the 1970 World Cup ... in Austria.

Brown was an interested onlooker as Austria swamped Cyprus 7-1 in the opening leg of the Qualifying group which contains West Germany and the Scots. Somehow, the Scottish Press went morbidly delirious over the Prater Stadium performance of the home side, forgetting the tremendous limitations of the Cypriots.

Brown himself, as I write, has said very little. He did say that he was not tremendously impressed with Germany, whom he watched a few weeks earlier. Whether or not he has had reason to change his opinion, having flown to Hanover to see them in action against England at the beginning of June, is an entirely different matter.

"Even in Vienna, Scotland will have a good chance of victory," was one Brown prediction after the Prater massacre of the men from the Mediterranean. "I am not impressed by the Austrian defence. They did not play very well."

I can tell Scottish supporters, hoping their country can at last make a real show in the World Cup, that someone else completely unimpressed by the Austrians was German team boss Helmut Schön.

Lacked incisiveness

He, too, was in Vienna for the opening match of his country's group. Another German official told me immediately after the match: "Despite that runaway scoreline, Austria lacked incisiveness that would be dangerous to Scotland or to ourselves."

In other words, the West Germans, with a record in the World Cup that most European nations would envy, are convinced Scotland is going to be their greatest hurdle.

It is a long, long way from now until April 16, 1969, and still further — obviously — to October 8, 1969. These are the dates on which Scotland meet Germany, first at Hampden Park, which should give Scotland a tremendous psychological advantage of knowing that victory there would probably mean the need to take only a draw in West Germany to qualify.

The important thing, as I have said before in these very columns, is that Bobby Brown is, to a degree, "doing an Alf Ramsey", inasmuch as that he is setting his stall out well in advance.

If co-operation over the release of players is as forthcoming in the next 18 months, all could still be well for the Scots. But any team that can win 7-1, even against Cyprus, is not the team I'd write off ... as Brown and Schön seem to have done together.

The Scottish Football Association silenced any suggestions of their oft-quoted national meanness recently by proposing to increase match fees for international players from £60 to £100 — and were turned down by their English counterparts.

Scotland's bosses felt that as the cost of living has soared so conspicuously, and the international match fee has remained static at £60 for more than seven years, the time was ripe for a change. Now England have vetoed it, however, there is little the Scottish FA can do. However, the thought was there.

Scottish players still home-based still have the hope of an increase in wages next season, if the PFA — Professional Footballers' Association — have their way. They have put forward a proposal to the Scottish League that bonus payments for League matches should be increased.

The goal that wasn't enough to put Scotland into the final stages of the European Championship. John Hughes scores for Scotland against England. (A)

At present, First Division players are legally entitled to £3 for a win, £1 10s. for a draw, with Second Division payments being £2 a win and £1 a draw.

The players feel, again considering how the cost of living has risen, that these bonuses should be DOUBLED. The cost to a First Division club would, therefore, be a mere £36 a match, well worth paying, I should consider, for two League points.

Nothing has yet been settled, but in a season where, in the First Division, attendances went soaring, I don't think the players' demands are anything extortionate.

There was a time when just to play for Glasgow Rangers was considered enough to make a man feel ten feet tall. Not, apparently, any longer. According to their young team manager, David White, who saw them fold in the Fairs' Cup quarter-final against Leeds, and toss the League Championship back into Celtic's lap.

White, frankness personified, makes no bones of the fact that one of his greatest disappointments of the season was the team spirit shown on occasions by his Ibrox staff. Boldly, he warns his team that what they gave him in his first season was not sufficient. "Now I'm wanting more," he says.

Uttering threats

The young Mr. White is certainly aware of the importance of his position, the need to be successful. That was ultra-obvious in the last game of the season, when Rangers, who knew defeat would kill stone dead any faint hopes they still had of the Championship, fell meekly by 3-2 to Aberdeen.

The Ibrox supporters jeered them off the pitch, chanted for directorial heads to roll, and left uttering threats of never returning. Ever since, the stories have raged about the men Rangers will buy to bolster a side that somehow lacks FLAIR.

White openly admits that he will buy, but wisely sees that whoever he may attempt to sign, the selling club is going to increase its valuation by at least £10,000, simply because Rangers will be signing the transfer cheque. This, without doubt, is all tied up with the Light Blues' magnificent traditions.

What, I feel, is even more important at Ibrox, however, is a youth policy which will bring top-class players on in another three or four seasons. Somehow, Celtic have outstripped them in this field, too. Yet Mr. White does not seem the man to be outstripped for long by anyone.

I have the feeling that while his first season was eventful, the next two or three years are going to see not just a wind of change but a gale blow through Ibrox's hallowed halls.

News from Hungary by LESLIE VERNON

Down again!

ONE day, undiluted joy, celebrations, laughter, the next, doom laden, grim, funeral air of disaster. This sudden change of mood is a well-known characteristic of the Hungarian temperament, and in the football sense this has never manifested itself more clearly than recently in connection with the European Championship matches against Soviet Union. To go out of the competition at, for Hungary, the usual quarter-final stage was painful enough, but the manner of defeat was even more tragic and will, I feel sure, have far-reaching consequences.

I have related in detail the many difficulties Karoly Soos, team manager, had to overcome when selecting his team for the first game at Budapest. The plague of injuries finally robbed him "only" of four regulars, goalkeeper Tamas, full-back Kaposzta, and possibly the two best Hungarian forwards, Bene and Albert. He gave young Fater his first cap in goal, drafted in another youngster, a really good prospect, Fazekas, who might develop into a fast modern winger so badly needed and completed with two seasoned internationals, Novak and Solymosi, the following team:

Fater, Novak, Meszoly, Solymosi, Ihasz, Szucs, Gorocs, Fazakas, Varga, Farkas, Rakosi.

Jakushin brought the usual Soviet squad to Budapest with the exception of midfield man Sabo, who seems to be on the way out of international reckoning. In goal Kavazashvili took the place of the still not forgotten Yashin and turned out to be the villain of the piece. For once it was not the Hungarian goalkeeper, who committed fatal blunders, but the black clad "vili" guarding the Russian net, both Hungarian goals were the results of hard hit centres from the wings (Rakosi did the "assisting"), the 'keeper failed to cut out the first one and Farkas scored with an acrobatic twist.

Six minutes from the end once more the unfortunate goalkeeper was at fault, when he went up for the ball with the high jumping Farkas, they both missed it, and Gorocs had the simple task of pushing it into the net.

The 2-0 victory against the USSR was the best result ever in the history of Hungarian football when facing the dreaded Russians. In the past eight encounters all they had to shout about was a solitary miserly 1-0 win during the Puskas era.

So there is no wonder that everybody was overjoyed, and when the grim faced Jakushin warned the over-exuberant Magyars that this was only the first 90 minutes and there would be another game in Moscow a week later, he was dismissed by many as a man who clutches the last straw, hoping for a miracle.

Admittedly, Soos was not amongst the misguided fools who celebrated prematurely a non-existent victory. He realised the hard task ahead perhaps too well because instead of leaving a winning team unchanged as for instance Ramsey would have done, he looked for improvements.

Albert had recovered and as he is an automatic selection, Fazekas had to be left out, the classy Gorocs was dropped for a harder grafter in midfield, Komora and the injured Fater had to be replaced with either of the other two nominated goalkeepers. The young untried Szarka or Tamas who had not had a competitive match for two months. Soos played safe (?) and chose Tamas, to my mind his one fatal mistake.

Jakushin, who is no mean tactician, gambled on a dynamic all-out attacking team. He said a final (?) goodbye to the overweight Streltzov, dismissed Malofeev and brought back Psenitchnikov who had such a splendid match in goal at Wembley last December.

The match was a complete reversal of everything that happened only seven days before in Budapest. The Russians simply swept the Hungarians off their feet — and their 3-0 victory scarcely represented their vast superiority. None of Soos's changes worked. Albert as a timid passenger up front, who hardly ever touched the ball, Komora could not get into the game, and poor Tamas was a complete disaster who "contributed" to all three Russian goals.

The disappointment of the Hungarians was complete. After being almost sure of a trip to Italy for the final stages of this truly successful first European Championship, they were OUT. Are we finished as a leading nation in football people keep asking. Is there something basically wrong with our training system, organisation methods? I think it would be almost dangerous to draw drastic conclusions after this one defeat, but as I wrote with regret last month, the signs were there, the preparation for these important games was hampered by meaningless, stupid over-long tours, "prima donna" attitudes of some of the players, etc., etc.

It is interesting to read what Zoltan Varga, one of the self-confessed culprits of the defeat, had to say in a frank interview to *Nepsport* (incidentally, players are allowed to speak their minds in Hungary, unlike in England, where they are practically forbidden to talk to the Press).

Varga: "Our records show that we cannot play against the 'powerhouse' teams, we lost in London in 1965, were beaten by the USSR in 1966, and now once again failed against them. We are especially ineffective abroad. The reason, we are much too spoilt and pampered. In League matches, no one dares to touch me because I am the famous classy international. If I get a little bit of stick, the referees rush to my defence. The same silly over-protective attitude applies to the other so-called 'stars'. Wherever we go in private life we are treated like celebrities, compliments are showered on us — no wonder most of the boys have an exaggerated sense of their own importance. All this adulation is unhealthy and most of all unjustified, especially if we do not work as hard as possible to deserve the respect of the public. There is no need for us to go anywhere in the world to learn how to play football, but we do lack freshness of mind and body, because we do play too much. I personally haven't had a break from the game for two and a half years. I would like to suggest a four-point plan to improve our national prospects:

"**1.** The referees should fall into line with their English counterparts—allow tough football, do not penalise bodily contacts automatically.

"**2.** Arrange more friendlies against teams from England, Scotland, West Germany, Russia—we have got to learn how to cope with physical force.

"**3.** Do not pick the international team on "names" alone, but on the form shown in league matches and the amount of work the players are willing to put into their training.

"**4.** A more sensible use of the limited manpower at our disposal with at least 3–4 weeks' complete break in the winter, and a couple of weeks off during the height of the summer."

Rather interesting observations, I wonder whether the people that matter will take any notice.

After the ignominy of Moscow, the fans turned away from football and the league problem has resumed without any visible sign of hunger for the game from the population. Although the renewed hostilities featured two derby games, attendances were the lowest in memory. Most matches ended in honourable draws—Honved v. Vasas, two each, and Ujpesti Dozsa v. Ferencvaros, two each as well.

The only bright spot on the gloomy horizon (I dare not even mention the deplorable display by the Under-23 side at Goodison) was the excellent fighting display of Ferencvaros v. Bologna. The Italians were two goals up (Clerici and Perani) after 35 minutes at the Nepstadium, and all seemed lost, but the Albertless green and whites came back in storming fashion and it was young Branjkovits (once and for all this is the right spelling of his name) scored twice and Varga managed to squeeze in the winner nine minutes from the end.

The German, Haller, played especially well for the visitors but the second leg ended all square, and after three lean years, we have once again a Hungarian team in the Final of a major European competition. Don Revie v. Karoly Lakat will be quite a battle of master minds, but my tip is that the Fairs' Cup will finish up in the town divided by the Blue (?) Danube.

Top Scorers

Korsos	11 goals
Farkas	9 goals
Dunai	8 goals
Albert	6 goals
Kocsis	6 goals
Szuromi	6 goals

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Vasas	11	8	1	2	32	15	17
Honved	11	6	4	1	20	8	16
Ujpesti-Dozsa	11	6	3	2	25	12	15
Csepel	11	5	1	3	13	9	13
Ferencvaros	10	5	3	2	18	3	13
Szeged	11	4	5	2	14	16	13
Pecs.	11	3	5	3	7	12	11
M.T.K.	11	3	4	4	13	13	10
Egyetertes	11	2	6	3	12	14	10
Salgotarjan	11	3	4	4	14	18	10
Szombathely	10	3	4	3	11	15	10
Dunaujvaros	11	3	3	5	11	16	9
Videoton	11	3	2	2	11	20	8
Tatabanya	11	1	5	5	6	13	7
Gyor.	11	1	4	4	7	12	6
Diosgyor	11	1	4	4	10	18	6

Hamrin (centre, falling) is pictured scoring the first Milan goal in the Cup-Winners' Cup final against Hamburg despite the intervention of Willy Schultz and goalkeeper Oczan. (UPI)

WORLD DIARY WORLD DIARY

EUSEBIO INJURY WAS KEPT SECRET

by ROGER MACDONALD

THE best-kept secret of the European Cup campaign was an injury to Eusebio, which might have cost them a place in the final, and even the Portuguese championship. The trouble began in April, when Benfica beat Tirsense 1-0 in a League match, and Eusebio hurt himself in scoring the goal. Even limping around, he was too much for the Tirsense defenders, and got two more goals in the second half.

Later in the week the injury, just above the knee, had not cleared up, so Benfica sent him to see a specialist in Lisbon. The verdict was a damaged ligament, serious enough to require an operation. For a few days Benfica debated on what to do. If Eusebio had the operation, he would certainly be out of action for the remainder of the season. Eusebio himself complicated the situation further by turning up for training, and running around without noticeable effort.

The following Sunday he wanted to play against CUF Setubal, but Benfica refused, unwilling to risk further injury. So Eusebio sat on a bench, fuming as Benfica tumbled to an unexpected defeat. Otto Gloria, their new coach, discussed the situation with his directors. "The fact is, we cannot afford to let Eusebio have an operation," he said. "I know there is a certain risk that by playing he will aggravate his injury, but if Eusebio is prepared to risk this, so should we. If he does not play, I cannot be sure that we will keep the Portuguese championship, let alone win the European Cup."

So Eusebio returned for the match against San Joanense, and scored four goals. "Afterwards my knee was very sore," he told me. "But the rumours of an injury were growing, and with a crucial game against Sporting coming up, I had to persuade everyone that there was nothing wrong. So I trained normally, even though it was agony. Afterwards, my knee swelled horribly, and it was as much as I could do to go home normally. I put bandages on it all night, rested the next day, when we did not have to train, and by then it was all right again."

Eusebio went through the same painful masquerade for the benefit of Juventus's observers, who watched him score the winning goal against Sporting, a match decisive in the Portuguese championship. "I fell over in scoring, and I felt it go, the ligament, I mean. But I couldn't go off, the team would have been so demoralised, and the newspapers would have made a big noise about it. So I tried to look as if I was bored, saving myself for the bigger games, when really I just couldn't run."

Intensive treatment put Eusebio more or less to rights in time for each match against Juventus, and then for the final against Manchester United. "The injury was all so unpredictable. I didn't feel it at all against Braga, and I scored six goals, running and running. Then my knee seized up and I thought I wouldn't make the second leg against Juventus. Mr. Gloria, all the same, said I would play even on crutches. He didn't mind Juventus marking me out of the game, it gave the rest of the team a chance under pressure. So I played at half pace, and all I did really was to take free-kicks. At one of these, I gave it all I'd got, running flat out, and the ball flashed past the goalkeeper. I almost laughed: there I was, playing on one leg and scoring a goal.

"Afterwards, I was more or less rested for the final, and the knee responded to treatment. My one fear was being actually kicked on it, which was always very painful; it happened once at Wembley, which was why I lost my temper and hit out at one of the United players. But I was always conscious of the injury, and did not attempt too much; if I had been fully fit I would certainly have beaten Stepney just before the end of ordinary time. But I couldn't get any real feeling for the shot, the real power and timing just wasn't there."

With the season over, ending in a disappointing defeat, Eusebio has finally gone into hospital for an operation. It took place at the San Lucas clinic in Lisbon, lasting an hour, after which Eusebio was kept in hospital for ten days. Benfica are optimistic that he will make a complete recovery, although, with rumours of a transfer to Inter-Milan, there will be many anxious eyes on his progress. For it is Eusebio's manœuvrability, his astonishingly tight turning circle, which has brought such stunning success against the best defences in Europe. Last season he scored six of Benfica's ten goals in the European Cup, bringing his total to 36 in all — the same number as Puskas, dwarfed only by the phenomenal 49 scored by Di Stefano. And he scored 42 in 26 Portuguese League matches, remarkable even in a fluid, open competition, fully deserving the award of the *Adidas* golden boot.

Grim news

The good news about Eusebio is overshadowed by the grim accident to Valeri Voronin, captain of the Russian international team. Early last month, during the first week-end, his car was involved in a head-on collision near Moscow. Voronin received serious spinal and head injuries, and for a time doctors feared for his life. Now they say he may be paralysed for the rest of his life, almost certainly unable to walk, and certainly unable to play football again.

The accident came at the worst possible time for the national team, just when they were competing in the third successive finals of the European championship. Voronin had been their best player four years ago in Madrid, and if his skills had declined, his importance in terms of experience and morale remained considerable.

Voronin was, in effect, the successor to Netto, and an attacking half-back with remarkable grace and flair. The variety of his approach, the smooth, subtle passes combined with such surging pace to throw defenders off-balance, made him stand out even in a great team. He made his first appearance for Torpedo Moscow, his only first-class club, when he was just 18, and won full international caps before his 21st birthday. He became a regular player in 1962, around the time of the World Cup, when he excited even the South Americans with his disguised, diagonal pass that could unhinge the stoutest defence.

In 1964 Voronin was perhaps at his best, the Russian Footballer of the Year, not far from becoming the best player in Europe. But success, unfortunately, seemed to go to his head. He was seen more and more at late-night parties, and was dropped from the national team after some of his colleagues accused him of excessive drinking. But Voronin pulled himself together, had a brilliant season for his club, and regained both his international place and the captaincy. Russia's match against Italy, for which he had already been selected, would have been his 53rd appearance. Unfortunately his other obsession, driving fast cars, finally caught up with him.

Premature

An early and premature retirement for Hibernians' Danish centre-half, John Madsen, who returns to Denmark this month to take up his former occupation as an architect. Hibs were disappointed at his decision, which meant there was no point in taking him on their three-match tour of Nigeria a few weeks ago.

Madsen, only 30, completed his contract on June 30 and is retained by Hibs, who naturally do not want him to play for another club without a transfer fee. Madsen, however, denies any intention of going back into football. "I will not attempt to play in Denmark," he said. "I would be under six months' suspension in the first instance and now I want to concentrate on making a good career for myself and my family. My only regret about going to Scotland is that I went five years too late. If I had been transferred in, say, 1958, when I was 20, I could have made a small fortune. But I missed out on the big money."

Madsen, an outstanding centre-half for Denmark in his early twenties, flew to Scotland from Esjberg to join Morton in August, 1965, playing a prominent part in their extraordinary return to the First Division. Hibernian paid £10,000 for his transfer on December 30, 1966, and he played 68 times for them in competitive matches.

Expensive

Until he scored the decisive goal in the European championship final against Yugoslavia, the strain of living up to his reputation seemed too much for Pietro Anastasi, at 20, the most expensive footballer in the world. After his prodigious performances for Varese, newly promoted and relying entirely on him to score goals and Picchi, Inter's former captain, to stop them, Juventus outbid their rivals to the colossal sum of £394,000. This easily beat the previous record fee, £243,000, paid by AS Roma for Mantua's Brazilian-born centre-forward, Angelo Sormani.

Anastasi is a Sicilian, born in Cantania, and I first saw him play for the tiny team of Massiminiana when they won section F of Serie D, the fourth, regionalised division of the Italian League. Massiminiana were playing Ragusa, and Anastasi scored a goal I remember vividly — an overhead kick that left the iron stanchion humming at the back of the net. A fluke, I thought, but Anastasi promptly did it again from another cross, with his other foot, and with three defenders clustered around him. The Varese manager, Bruno Arcari, was there that day, looking for new players, as Varese had just been relegated to the Second Division. He signed Anastasi, who at 18 became the best striker in the League, playing a large part in their successful bid for promotion.

The huge fee, however, has weighed heavily on him. "Everyone expects so much," he told me sadly. "My picture is in all the papers, the defenders watch me as though I'm some meteorite, and yet I'm still expected to score great goals. This run in the international team confirmed my own suspicions that experience is all-important. You can't walk into an international team and adjust yourself overnight. I felt terrible in the two final games, you know I missed an open goal in each and wanted the ground to swallow me up. To be frank, I played dreadfully each time, yet when I scored with my one good shot, I became a hero. I hope I get a chance to make good with Juventus: if they are realistic, they won't expect too many goals, because I reckon there'll be two men on me all the time, next season. Yes, I think my transfer fee is ridiculous, but what can you do?"

Allan Clarke, whose transfer to Leicester City for £150,000 (£50,000 of it in kind, with Frank Large going to Fulham in his place) was settled early last month, proved more philosophical. "I refuse to let myself worry about the fee," he said. "I don't think I am worth that sort of money, or that any footballer is worth £150,000. But you've got to accept that those prices are asked and will be paid. I tell myself that someone else will move for £200,000 soon, and my fee will be forgotten. To me, it's just a job of work, and once you start worrying about the value people put on you, it's time to get out."

Double

While a double of European trophy and national title eluded both Manchester United and Benfica, Milan completed their best season since 1962–63 by adding the European Cup-Winners' Cup to the Italian League. Yet the final, which I attended at Rotterdam, was most disappointing.

In retrospect the decisive match of the tournament was at San Siro between Milan and the holders, Bayern Munich. Beckenbauer played in this game, but was clearly affected by a jaw injury, and Bayern's defence suffered accordingly. They played unashamedly for a draw, held on until after half-time, and seemed in with a chance when Prati shot so weakly in front of goal that a defender stuck a foot out and stopped the ball. But after 50 minutes Sormani scored with a ferocious shot, and Prati, redeeming himself, got a second goal 17 minutes from the end. Bayern had a faint chance of saving the tie, but their morale was shattered before the second leg when Bayern announced that if a play-off was necessary, it would take place at San Siro. To Bayern's players, this amounted to a betrayal, and in such a mood they were fortunate to escape with a goalless draw.

If Bayern could not hold Milan, there seemed little chance for Hamburg, who had struggled to beat Cardiff City. The course of the final was decided in the first few minutes. Milan took the lead through Hamrin, who received a long pass from Anquiletti, found himself quite unmarked in the penalty area. His right foot shot into the far corner gave Ozcan no chance at all. Almost at once Dörfel, the best of the German forwards, beat Schnellinger comprehensively, but dawdled so long with the goal gaping in front of him that Schnellinger recovered to clear. Hamrin, beating Kurbjuhn and Horst for another brilliant goal, made sure that Hamburg had no second chance.

Honig of Hamburg shoots powerfully but unsuccessfully for goal. (UPI)

Despite a late tackle by Bosquier of St. Ettiene, Wojciak of Bordeaux (white shirt) scores his side's only goal in the French Cup Final. The 'keeper is Carnus. (UPI)

DOUBLE FOR SAINTS

FRANCE

AFTER several seasons in the wilderness of Division II, Albert Batteux returned to the top class as coach of Saint Etienne, who after an early tussle with OGC Nice, have proved almost unbeatable. A crowd of 40,000 at the Stade Colombes in Paris watched the Saints win the FFF Cup, beating Bordeaux 2-1. Bordeaux took an early lead but Algerian-born inside-forward Rachid Mekloufi scored twice — a superb volley and a twice-taken penalty.

At the end of the season Mekloufi intends to retire.

Returning to the championship, Saint Etienne won 4-0 away to Sochaux and then clinched their double claims with a 1-0 win over AS Monaco. With five games left to be played, Saint Etienne led the field by a clear ten points and before the rioting interfered with the championship, Batteux and Saint Etienne had already claimed their double. Ten years ago, M. Batteux achieved the same double with Stade de Reims, a club he helped bring to prominence as a player during the war years. Since parting with Batteux, Reims have twice been relegated and with the club still in Division II and said to be on the point of reverting to their former amateur status, Batteux has re-established himself.

Louis Dugauguez, manager of the current national squad, has inevitably come under fire since France's meagre showing against Yugoslavia. Two away games this season have brought two 5-1 defeats against West Germany and Yugoslavia, and said *Miroir Sprint* ... "This man is dangerous".

HOLLAND

INTEREST in the championship was maintained right to the last day of the league programme with Ajax Amsterdam and Feijenoord (Rotterdam) 14 points clear of the rest of the field. For weeks it had been a two-horse race and before the final matches only one point separated the two giants. Ajax, holding the Cup and League double since last season, won their final match 2-1 at home to ADO (The Hague), while Feijenoord went down 0-1 away to PSV Eindhoven. Ajax took the title with three points to spare, while PSV saved themselves from relegation.

Feijenoord are once more kept out of the big international competitions, for with Ajax in the Champions' Tournament, this automatically puts ADO into the Cup-Winners' competition. ADO have yet to play off the FA Cup Final after beating Go Ahead 1-0 in the semi-final. In the other half of the draw Ajax beat FC Twente 3-2 after extra time, and while Ajax will be anxious to complete another "double", ADO are assured of their place in Europe.

Although Sittardia had been booked for relegation for some time, the team to accompany them was not known until the last results had come in. Amongst those involved were Fortuna Geleen — the first of the Dutch clubs to turn professional back in 1954; PSV, the Philips Sports Club who were champions not long ago, and two other famous names — NAC Breda and DOS Utrecht. Fortuna, who drew at Breda 0-0, were the final choice, a small-town team who have had their moment of triumph with big-money backing but failed to last the pace.

The annual trophies awarded by the Royal Dutch FA (KNVB) have been inevitably dominated by Ajax. Player of the Year award was won by Johan Cruyff, the immensely talented Ajax centre-forward, while Club of the Year award goes to the champions. The third FA award to the best referee of the season was won by Piet Roomer. A small but solitary consolation for Feijenoord and their multitude of fans — Ove Kindvall stood off Cruyff's challenge to retain his lead in the goalscorers' race.

WEST GERMANY

WINTER-MEISTER by a comfortable margin, FC Nurnberg appeared to be running away with the Bundesliga title until after the brief winter break they ran into a series of reverses. For more than ten games in a row centre-forward Franz Brungs failed to score and, beaten at home twice, it began to seem that FCN had lost their grip. Fortunately for them and manager Max Merkel, their leading challengers also faded, and with three wins in a row over Hannover, Bayern Munchen and Borussia Dortmund, FC Nurnberg struggled home. Moving up into second place with a run of 14 games without defeat came 1966 champions Werder Bremen, followed by Borussia Monchengladbach, 1st FC Koln and Bayern Munchen. Relegated are Karlsruher SC, who had to struggle for survival last season, and newly promoted Borussia Neuenkirchen. Johannes Lohr, inside-left of Cup Finalists FC Koln, topped the scorers' list with 27 goals, with Brungs finally struggling to the 25 mark. In third place, after a poor start, was Bayern leader, Gerd Muller, the 1967 "Fussballer des Jahre".

In the Deutscher Fussball Bund "Pokal" 1st FC Koln accounted for Borussia Dortmund 3-0, while the other semi-final was postponed to allow Cup-holders Bayern Munchen time to play their Cup-Winners' Cup ties with AC Milan. After losing to the Italians, Bayern were beaten surprisingly easy by non-league VfL Bochum (2-1). Bochum coach is Herman Eppenhof, who was boss of Borussia Dortmund when they won the championship and then reached the semi-final of the European Cup.

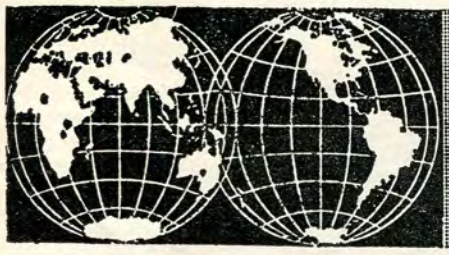
Although an undisputed success in terms of playing strength and organisation, it seems that the initial attraction of the Bundesliga is beginning to wear off. In the first season 1963–64 an average of 25,000 per game was recorded and maintained the following year. Then, however, the slide began, dropping to 24,000 in 1966, 23,000 in 1967 and little more than 19,000 this season.

SWITZERLAND

ROGER VONLANTHEN, former Swiss international inside-forward who had a spell in Italy with FC Internazionale in the 'fifties, appears to have landed on his feet after a disappointing start to his coaching career. Appointed two years ago as coach of Servette (Geneva), Vonlanthen saw his squad lose their first five games and then had Bela Guttman appointed over his head. Vonlanthen then quit and this season was engaged as coach by Lausanne Sports, working under Technical Director Karl Rappan. With a new young team almost established, Rappan rather surprisingly resigned, leaving Vonlanthen a free hand.

Under his guidance Lausanne have already made their mark and have come with a fine late run to join the leaders. Winning 7-0 away to Grenchen, Lausanne followed that with a 4-2 win at home to Lugano (leaders at the time) and then beat FC Zurich, who had replaced Lugano at the top by 4-2. With two games left only goal average separates FC Zurich, FC Lugano and the Zurich club Grasshoppers. Lausanne, four points behind, are in fourth place, while FC Basle, champions and Cup-holders, are fifth and out of the running.

Middle of the table Young Boys' FC (Berne) have engaged former West German international inside-forward Albert Brulls



AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

as player-manager for the 1968–69 campaign. With 25 caps to his credit, Brulls has spent the last six years in Italy with Modena and Brescia.

Servette have had another disappointing season with Jean Snella, fresh from his success with Saint Etienne, in command. Almost any other coach would be dismissed by Servette, but having once taken them to the title, it seems probable that Snella will be given time.

Pierre Kerkhoffs, former Dutch international, is the highest ranking import in the scorers' list, with 14 goals for Lausanne. Last season's top striker, Rolf Blattler (Grasshoppers), has just one more, but leaving the field far behind is FC Zurich's Fritz Kunzli with 25.

ARGENTINA

RUNNERS-UP in the 1967 championship, Estudiantes of La Plata successively eliminated Independiente (champions) and the Racing Club of Buenos Aires, holders of the South American and World Club championships, in the semi-final. Beaten 2-0 away, Estudiantes beat Racing 3-0 in the second leg and after a 1-1 draw in the play-off reached the final on goal average. After Palmeiras had beaten Penarol in the other half of the draw, Estudiantes finally took the South American trophy, 2-1, 1-3 and 2-0.

Racing's Roberto Perfumo was sent off in the second leg of the clash with Estudiantes, drawing from the Argentinian FA President a remark that if the clubs didn't behave more sportingly, he would urge the AFA to bar Argentinian clubs from the competition. With the football authorities apparently impotent, Buenos Aires Police Chief, General Mario Adolfo Fonseca, embarked on a clean-up campaign of his own. Issuing new orders to his men, the police chief announced that anyone — on or off the pitch — behaving in a manner likely to lead to a breach of public order, would be arrested and sentenced without right of appeal to 30 days' gaol. Four players were arrested after the Racing–Estudiantes play-off, and the police later extended their activities to league matches. So far the police chief has claimed ten "prisoners" to be his guests at the Instituto de Detencion de Villa Devoto!

BELGIUM

MAJOR disagreement between manager Andreas Beres and several key players jeopardised RSC Anderlecht's championship bid, but after a shaky patch in the New Year they stood off the challenge from FC Bruges to win the title for the fifth successive season. Anderlecht's overall total of championship wins is now 14 and clearly they are going to dominate the Belgian game for some time yet. FC Bruges, who were runners-up last season, came with a fine late challenge but still had to be content with second place.

With five games left, Bruges trailed by five points and, winning all five in a row, they kept their hopes alive until the final day. In the penultimate round, Anderlecht were held to a goal-less draw by Malines to reduce the gap to a single point and boost the hopes of Bruges' supporters, but in the end Anderlecht hung on.

Relegated are Olimpic Charleroi and Belgium's oldest club, Royal Antwerp, and up to the top class once more come two old-established clubs — Union St. Gilloise and La Gantoise.

FC Bruges gained some consolation by carrying off the FA Cup, though in the end it was a close-run affair. Drawing 1-1 with AC Beerschot after extra time, the rules called for a series of five penalty kicks to settle the issue, and after the first round each side had scored four times. In the second series Beerschot missed three times, while Bruges failed to score only twice to take the trophy.

TITLE FOR EAGLES

PORTUGAL

AFTER an unconvincing campaign during which neighbours Sporting frequently wrested the leadership away from them, Sport Lisboa e Benfica finally retained the championship. The turning point came in the clash between the leaders at the Estadio da Luz when Benfica won a poor game 1-0 with a goal scored in the eighth minute by Eusebio. A point ahead at that stage, Benfica struggled to draw 1-1 away to Porto, while Setubal helped considerably by beating Sporting 1-0, and prior to the final games Benfica were home and dry. With nothing at stake, Sporting lost again, this time 4-0 to Belenenses, while Benfica hammered lowly Varzim 8-0. In a final flourish, Eusebio hit six goals in a row against Varzim to end the season with a league tally of 42 goals. Top scorer for the fifth season in a row, Eusebio's 1968 total was Portugal's best ever.

The second highest scorer was Academica's Artur Jorge, who hit 28 goals and for whom Benfica made a firm bid last summer. Now Jorge has been released, but while Benfica are as interested as ever it is Sporting who have obtained his signature. New Benfica coach, Otto Gloria, reckons a centre-forward and a right-back are badly needed, but Gloria himself might well be replaced before the new campaign starts. When he was engaged by Benfica President Senhor Adolfo Viera de Brito, who flew to Madrid to sign him after he quit his job with Atletico, an important section within the Benfica club did not approve. Having engaged Gloria, Benfica had no legal grounds for rejecting him, but the Benfica Football Committee did just that — needling the President into resigning when they refused to mention Gloria's engagement.

Amongst the big guns again, but probably for only a brief period, are Atletico Lisboa, champions of Division II. Joining three regulars from the capital in the top flight, Atletico will find it no easier to settle than any other Division II club, for invariably the promoted clubs are promptly relegated, as happened this term when Barreirense and Tirsense bounced back first time.

Eusebio scores one of the goals which clinched the title for Benfica against the stripe-shirted Varzim. (Marques)

Focus on 1st FC Nürnberg

by JIM HAWTHORNE

MERKEL INSPIRES

NOT fancied by many for honours before the season started, 1st FC Nürnberg are the new champions of West Germany.

Inspired by their brilliant and outspoken coach, Max Merkel, "the Club"—as they are popularly known in Germany—cast aside all opposition and sped to a seven point lead at the top of the Bundesliga by the half-way stage. Then, following an almost disastrous second half of the season, in which they exhibited a reversal of form as dramatic as that which had taken them to the top, FCN, by virtue of this huge lead, just managed to hold off all challengers to land their first Bundesliga Meisterschaft.

Founded in 1900 the Club has a fine and long tradition to live up to. A tradition which, although they won the South German championship in 1916 and 1918, was really established during the 1920s when, for almost a decade, 1FC Nürnberg were the undisputed kings of German football.

South German champions in 1920, 1921, 1924, 1927 and 1929 and overall German champions in 1920, 1921, 1924, 1925 and 1927, they also reached the final of the championship play-off in 1922 against Hamburg SV. After two drawn games the DFB (Deutsche Fussball Bund) declared Hamburg as champions. Hamburg, however, refused to accept the title and in the end no championship was awarded. Hamburg in fact were one of the few teams at this time able to challenge Nürnberg's supremacy.

Strength

A measure of their strength can be judged by the fact that no less than 16 Nürnberg players were capped for Germany during the 1920s; the most famous being goalkeeper Heinrich Stuhlfauth, half-backs Hans Kalb, Carl Riegel and Hans Schmidt and forwards Hans Sutor, Wolfgang Strobel, Luitpold Popp and Heinrich Träg. At one stage they had a regular five players in the national team. This period remains the most outstanding in the Club's history and one which set a very high standard for succeeding Nürnberg sides to follow.

Not unnaturally after this period of domination the Club appeared to decline a little in comparison with the great deeds of the 20s. Their results, however, were still good by ordinary standards and they reached the semi-finals of the championship play-off in 1930, when they were beaten 6-3 by Hertha BSC Berlin, and again in 1932, this time beaten 2-0 by Bayern München.

In 1934 the method of deciding the German championship was changed. Up to that date the country had been divided into a few large regions each having its own league. At the end of the season the top teams in each league, either two or three depending on which league it was, went forward to play against each other in a series of knock-out matches to decide the overall champions of Germany. 1st FC Nürnberg were members of the South German league which was almost certainly the strongest of all the regional leagues.

Between 1934 and 1944, however, the eight leagues, as they then numbered, were replaced by a large number of leagues each covering a much smaller area than before. These leagues altered quite a lot during this period. Some were added, some were removed but there were usually over 20 in operation at any one time and were naturally of a much lower standard than those that had existed prior to 1934.

Nürnberg were placed in the Bavarian League which they won in 1934, 1936, 1937, 1938 and 1940 and after that in the North Bavarian League which they won in 1943 and 1944.

The clubs themselves seem to regard these victories with little or no consequence for they never appear on any club's list of honours. It was, however, an important stepping-stone to the championship for, as before, the winners of each league went forward to play against each other to decide who was to be champions of Germany.

Extra-time

In the 1934 play-off Nürnberg reached the final only to be beaten 2-1 by FC Schalke 04. But in 1936, having taken their revenge over Schalke by 2-0 in the semi-final, they defeated Fortuna Düsseldorf in the final, 2-1 after extra time, to become Deutsche Meister again for the first time since 1927.

Among the best players in the side which carried off this championship were full-backs Willi Billmann, later to be capped eleven times by his country, and Andreas Munkert, half-back Richard Oehm and forwards Georg Friedel and Josef Schmitt.

The following year Nürnberg were back in the final again but this time had to be content with the runners-up spot being beaten 2-0 by the inevitable Schalke who were themselves as strong in the 1930s as Nürnberg had been in the 1920s.

Competition

Apart from reaching the semi-final in 1944, this was the Club's last appearance in the final stages of the championship until the new competition was started after the war.

However, in 1935 came the start of the new German cup competition which 1FCN duly won in its first year by defeating Schalke 2-0 in the final and again in 1939, this time beating SV Waldhof in the final also by 2-0.

After the war the DFB went back to the old regional league system although these naturally were slightly different because of Germany's changed frontiers and the division of the country into what is now known as West and East Germany.

Five Oberliga were introduced covering the North, South, West, South-West and Berlin. 1FCN were naturally placed in Oberliga South which was once again the strongest of all the leagues comprising as it did TSV 1860 München, Bayern München, Eintracht Frankfurt and VfB Stuttgart, now all firmly established Bundesliga sides.

Despite this they were South German champions in 1947 and again in 1948. The overall German championship, however, did not begin again until 1948 and, after winning Oberliga South in that year, Nürnberg went forward and became German champions for the seventh time by defeating FC St. Pauli of Hamburg, 3-2 after extra time, in the semi-final and 1FC Kaiserslautern 2-1 in the final.

The 1950s were comparatively unsuccessful for the Club. Although South German champions in 1951 and 1957 and runners-up in 1952 and 1958, they failed on each occasion to make any progress in the championship play-offs which had now settled on the formula that was used right up to the introduction of the Bundesliga. The winners and runners-up in each Oberliga went forward to form two groups. The teams in each group played each other on a league basis and the winners of each group played in a one match final.

Although not as successful as others this period must be remembered for being the high point in the remarkable career of one of Nürnberg's and Germany's most famous players, inside-forward Max Morlock.

Born on May 11, 1925, Morlock joined Nürnberg as a 17-year-old in 1942 and for over 20 years gave the Club distinguished service as a powerful and prolific goalscorer. His long career stretched well into the 1960s—he even made 21 appearances in the Bundesliga—and he finally called it a day in 1965 at the age of 40, having made close on 800 appearances for the Club.

Morlock also had a fine international career. First capped against Switzerland in 1950 he went on to play 26 times for his country, scoring 21 goals including one in the 3-2 win over Hungary in the 1954 World Cup final in Switzerland. He made his last appearance in the national team in 1958 when he scored their only goal in a rather disappointing 2-1 defeat in Cairo by Egypt.

Despite being 36 years old the incredible Morlock was the skipper and inspiration of Nürnberg when they won their next major honour, the 1961 German championship.

South German champions in that year, they headed Group 2 in the play-off with 10 points by defeating Werder Bremen 4-0 and 4-2, 1FC Köln 3-3 and 2-1 and Hertha BSC Berlin 3-3 and 2-0. In the final they beat Group 1 winners, Borussia Dortmund, 3-0 before a crowd of 82,000 in Hannover.

This win entitled 1FCN to participate in the European Champions Cup for the first

Max Merkel, coach of West German champions 1st FC Nürnberg. (M)

time in their history. Although beating Drumcondra of Eire 5-0 and 4-1 in the preliminary round and Fenerbache of Turkey 2-1 and 1-0 in the first round proper, they were eliminated in the quarter-finals by the eventual winners of the trophy, Benfica. A 3-1 victory in Nürnberg over the "Eagles of Lisbon" gave them hope but in the return match their dreams were shattered when they went down 6-0!

Back to domestic competition and in 1962 they were back again challenging for the championship. Winners of Oberliga South for the thirteenth time, they again headed their group in the play-off. This time, however, they were beaten convincingly by 1FC Köln 4-0, in the final.

Appearance

To compensate for this defeat the Club rounded off a highly successful season by winning the German Cup for the third time, defeating Fortuna Düsseldorf in the final 2-1 after extra time.

In their first appearance in the European Cup Winners' Cup they went one better than in the Champions Cup. Having eliminated St. Etienne of France 0-0 and 3-0 and BK. Odense of Denmark 1-0 and 6-0, they were narrowly beaten in the semi-final by Atletico Madrid 2-1 and 0-2 Atletico, it will be remembered, then lost 5-1 to Tottenham Hotspur in the final.

The following season, which was to be the last under the Oberliga system, Nürnberg were runners-up to 1860 München in the South. Three points lost, however, to the eventual group winners Köln, 0-6 and 3-3, ended any chances they had of chalking up their ninth Deutsche Meisterschaft.

Nürnberg's excellent record made them an automatic selection for the new Bundesliga, joining four other clubs from Oberliga South, five from the West, three from the North, two from the South-West and one from Berlin, to form West Germany's first ever National league at the beginning of the 1963-4 season.

Until the beginning of last season, however, Nürnberg's record in the Bundesliga had never been anything better than average, finishing ninth in 1964, sixth in 1965 and 1966 and tenth in 1967.

Although the 1966-7 season was a very disappointing one for the Club and their worst in the Bundesliga to date, ironically it turned out to be a very important one.

Commencing the season under Hungarian trainer Jenö Csaknady they were soon in trouble. Despite a period of four good victories in a row, including 1-0 away wins against Hamburg and Bayern München, their results were generally disappointing and on November 9, 1966 Csaknady resigned. Assistant trainer Jenö Vincze took over temporarily and by the end of December, the half-way stage in the championship, FCN had slumped to a dangerous fourteenth position in the league.

Famous

Then on January 2, 1967 came the big news that the Club had secured as its trainer one of the world's leading coaches, Max Merkel.

Born on December 7, 1918 in Vienna, Merkel's playing career earned him twelve international "caps" for Austria and one for Germany, the most famous team he played for being Rapid Vienna.

He began his coaching career in 1954 in Holland where, after a short spell with HBS den Haag, he spent almost two years as coach to the Dutch national team. In 1958 he moved to Germany and Borussia Dortmund where he stayed for three years achieving only moderate success before he joined TSV 1860 München in 1961.

It was with 1860 that Merkel had his most successful spell in Germany. He gradually built up the team and put them amongst the elite in German football, taking them to their German Cup win of 1964, that superb Cup Winners' Cup final of 1965 against West Ham and the German championship itself in 1966.

All good things must come to an end, however, and after a silly dispute with the players Merkel left 1860 in December, 1966 and joined Nürnberg a few weeks afterwards. TSV's loss has definitely been FCN's gain for Merkel has transformed the team out of all recognition.

His immediate task, was to avert the threat of relegation. This he did although it was not until the last few games that the team climbed into a respectable mid-table position.

From the start it was clear that it would take a little while for his methods to bear fruit. Commencing with a 3-3 draw at home to Stuttgart, a 2-0 defeat in Duisburg against Meidericher SV and a rather disastrous 4-0 home defeat by lowly-placed Schalke, he gradually licked the team into shape. They then went seven games without defeat before losing 4-1 away to champions - elect Eintracht Braunschweig in the final match of the season.

During the close season Merkel formulated his plans to take the Bundesliga title. In doing so he decided that there didn't have to be drastic changes in the club's playing staff to achieve this objective.

Of the main players used during the previous season he decided to transfer only four and while they were all useful players none of them had been what you could call really regular members of the first team. Forwards Manfred Greif (11 appearances in 1966-7), Reinhold Adelmann (15 appearances) and Tasso Wild (14 appearances) were all transferred to Hertha BSC Berlin and half-back Stefan Reisch (17 appearances) joined the Swiss team Neuchâtel.

To replace them Nürnberg went "foreign" and bought the ex-Partizan Belgrade and Yugoslavian international winger Zvezdan Cebinac from the Dutch club PSV Eindhoven and Austrian inside-forward Gusti Starek from Merkel's old team, Rapid Vienna.

Youngsters

In addition they signed two youngsters from German amateur clubs, 22-year-old forward Claus-Jürgen Braun from SpVgg Erkenschwick and 20-year-old midfield player Horst Blankenburg from VfL Heidenheim.

That only four players were released was particularly surprising, however, because the club had several players who were in their late 20's or early 30's and who had played for Nürnberg for a number of years. Indeed, of their 1961 championship winning side five were still regular members of the senior team.

But Merkel was satisfied with the few changes he had made and was confident that, despite the previous season's poor showing, there was sufficient talent within the Club to win the Bundesliga. In his opinion the players were good enough, all they needed was a strong man at the helm to inspire them and this was where he came in.

The squad, therefore, was settled. The first choice goalkeeper was 31-year-old Roland Wabra, the longest serving player on Nürnberg's books with over 500 appearances to his credit. As his reserve 1FCN had Gyula

● *Continued overleaf*

● *Continued from previous page*

Toth, a 26-year-old who had joined the Club from Schalke 04 a couple of years before.

In defence they had Horst Leupold, a 25-year-old full-back who had come up from the club's youth team; Helmut Hilpert, a 29-year-old who had made 350 appearances for 1FCN, ex-club captain and centre-half Ferdinand Wenauer; another long serving and highly experienced player having made over 400 appearances for the Club and been capped four times by his country; Ludwig Müller, a 26-year-old former German youth international and Fritz Popp, a 26-year-old full-back. In addition to these they also had the services in defence of Ewald Schäffner, an 18-year-old product of the Club's youth section.

The midfield duties were shared by 23-year-old Karl-Heinz Ferschl and 24-year-old Heinz Müller (no relation to Ludwig) with Horst Blankenburg as reserve.

Up front, besides Cebinac and Starek, there was team captain Heinz Strehl, a German international and yet another of Nürnberg's long serving players having made 410 appearances for them; Franz Brungs, a highly effective centre-forward who had seen service with Köln, Mönchengladbach and Borussia Dortmund before coming to Nürnberg and the up and coming Georg Volkert, a 21-year-old winger and product of the club for whom a fine future was predicted. Besides Claus-Jürgen Braun they also had two ex-youth team players on whom they could call, 19-year-old Manfred Ebenhöh and 20-year-old Hubert Schöll both of whom had made their debut for the Club the year before.

In spite of the experience of many of the players it was a team without "stars". The Nürnberg public, however, had respect for Merkel's record and they eagerly awaited the start of the season to see if his faith in the "old guard" would pay off.

I think, however, that even Merkel must have been slightly surprised by the response his team gave him. Playing in 4-2-4 formation with Leupold, Ludwig Müller, Wenauer and Popp as the back four, Ferschl and Heinz Müller in midfield and Cebinac, Strehl, Brungs and Volkert as the front four, they commenced with a 2-0 home win over Karlsruher SC. They then moved to the top of the league in their next home match by beating Hamburg SV 4-0 before a crowd of 65,000 in the Dutzendteich Stadium.

This was only the beginning for they continued to play superbly and it was not until the thirteenth game that they were beaten, 2-0 by MSV in Duisburg. Before this, however, they had handed out further home defeats to Borussia Mönchengladbach (1-0) and VfB Stuttgart (5-1) and away defeats to Eintracht Frankfurt (2-1), champions Eintracht Braunschweig (3-0) and Werder Bremen (4-0) to pull further and further away at the top of the league.

Although the defence, with Wabra safe in goal, was solid and the midfield play good, it was up front that Nürnberg were at their strongest with the Brungs-Strehl tandem quite superb.

Newcomer

The key figure, was Cebinac. "Cebi" had everything: speed, skill, subtlety and brains. As the only newcomer in the team he laid on goals for Brungs and Strehl with remarkable regularity and time and time again was given man-of-the-match ratings. On the other flank Volkert was also playing extremely well and living up to his early promise.

Undaunted by the Meidericher defeat Nürnberg, with "Cebi" still irresistible, continued to play well. They defeated Alemannia Aachen, 4-1, in Nürnberg — three goals from Brungs — drew with Hannover 96, 1-1 away, beat Bayern München 7-3 at home and finished the first half of the season with a 2-1 win in Dortmund.

The Bayern win was quite outstanding. Despite having German internationals Sepp Maier in goal and Franz Beckenbauer in the middle of the defence, the then holders of the European Cup Winners' Cup were soundly thrashed; only two goals late in the game from Brenninger making the scoreline more respectable. Cebinac was completely unstoppable and Brungs absolutely devastating in front of goal, scoring five times between the 37th and 74th minutes!

At the half-way stage then it looked all over. With 27 points from 17 games Nürnberg were seven points ahead of their nearest rivals, Borussia Mönchengladbach, 1860 München, MSV Duisburg and Bayern München. Their excellent record read: 11 won, five drawn and only one lost for a goal average of 45 for, 17 against.

The team was settled. Wabra, Leupold, Wenauer, Ferschl, Cebinac, Strehl and Brungs had all been ever present and Ludwig Müller and Volkert had missed only one game each.

When needed Hilpert, in defence and Starek, in the forward line, had been useful replacements. In the 17 games so far played, Brungs had scored 18 goals and Strehl 12, two very fine achievements.

The crowds had also returned to the Dutzendteich Stadium. Nürnberg's eight home games in the first half of the season had attracted an aggregate of 356,000 people (an average of 44,500 per match) which was only 44,000 less than had watched all 17 home games in the previous season!

It was certainly boom time in Nürnberg but as Merkel realised only too well there was still a long way to go.

The three week lay-off at the end of December had a bad effect on the team. This was evident when the championship recommenced and Nürnberg struggled to a 1-1 draw away to bottom club, Karlsruher SC and followed this with a rather laboured 3-0 home win against second - from - bottom team Borussia Neunkirchen.

A 3-1 defeat in Hamburg followed by their first home defeat of the season, 2-1 against Eintracht Frankfurt, and suddenly FCN looked vulnerable, their lead shortening with every match.

Had Merkel been driving his players too hard? Had the nasty incidents following the distasteful 3-3 draw in Köln back in November when Merkel was said to have threatened the Köln trainer and players and for which the DFB had just imposed a record fine of DM12,500 (£1,000) on the Nürnberg trainer, affected him and the team adversely? Whatever it was the team was not the same. Cebinac had completely lost his form and as a result the goal flood had dried up.

Defensively

Merkel decided to play it more defensively for a while, particularly in the away games, to try and cling on to their lead. He dropped Cebinac and included Gusti Starek, up to now used mainly as a substitute, in a line-up which had Wenauer "sweeping up" behind two rows of three, Leupold-Ludwig Müller-Popp and Starek-Heinz Müller-Ferschl. Nürnberg were therefore prepared to have at least seven defenders available if necessary with Brungs, Strehl and Volkert as the strikers.

With Wenauer playing excellently this worked and they succeeded in drawing 1-1 away to free-scoring Borussia Mönchengladbach and beating Eintracht Braunschweig 3-1 at home.

Following the acquisition of these three points, Merkel put "Cebi" back into the team and they consequently beat 1860, 2-1, in München. A 3-2 home defeat by Schalke, however, and a 1-1 draw in Stuttgart illustrated their indifferent form at this time.

Magnificent

Werder Bremen were their chief rivals with Mönchengladbach and Bayern München not far behind. Nürnberg's home game with Bremen, therefore, was of the utmost importance and a magnificent display by Wabra in goal kept the score at 0-0 in this "four-point" match.

The following week, however, they lost again, 1-0 in Kaiserslautern and although they then won two home games running, 2-1 against Köln and 4-1 against MSV Duisburg, a 2-0 defeat in Aachen cut their lead at the top to three points.

With only three games left to play, Bremen were now really Nürnberg's only challengers for 'Gladbach, who had lost at Frankfurt, and Bayern, beaten by Bremen, had fallen too far behind to put in a serious challenge.

Merkel called on his players to give him one final effort to obtain the four points needed to make the championship safe. This they did, beating Hannover 96 2-1 in the Dutzendteich Stadium and Bayern München away by 2-0 with, appropriately enough, goals from Franz Brungs —his 25th of the season — and Heinz Strehl — his 17th of the season — to give Nürnberg their 9th Deutsche Meisterschaft, a new record.

If only for their first half of the season displays, Nürnberg deserved this championship. Merkel had transformed an ordinary team into champions. He had driven the players hard and they had just about lasted the pace. His methods, while making him a very unpopular man at times, had achieved the desired results.

For next season Merkel, having signed a new contract worth more than £20,00 a year, will undoubtedly decide that it will be necessary to make changes in order to face up to the challenge of European competition. Whatever he does then, however, is something for the future. Just now he is the most fêted man in Nürnberg, having put "the Club" back on top once again.

Eire News by TOM MULDOWNEY

ROVERS WIN CUP

THE period under review belongs almost entirely to Shamrock Rovers. Not only did they beat off the challenge of league champions Waterford and take the Eire Cup for the fifth time in succession and the 19th in all, but they also won the newly sponsored Blaxnit competition from teams North and South of the border. This was a trial of strength between the Irish League and League of Ireland with the winners undisputed All Ireland cup kings.

It was right and fitting that Shamrocks should be thus crowned. Never far from the top in any season they forced Dundalk from the forefront after playing second fiddle to the border club last term. In addition to their team triumph they also supplied the "Soccer Personality of the Year" in the person of captain Johnny Fullam.

Year after year the well oiled, smooth moving Milltown machine goes from one success to another. Like every other team, players come and go, grow old, lose form, but always from the wings step out ready-made replacements. And they are never veterans. Never cast-offs from the limbo of the lost. Always are they talented teenagers or players in their prime. And always it's been a case of Buy Irish First. This term Paddy Mulligan and International Ronnie Nolan left the hallowed home. Yet no gaping gap appeared. In fact young Clarke, who was one of Rovers' reserve pivots to fill Nolan's place, has since joined Glasgow Celtic. In recent seasons emigrants like Frank O'Neill and Tommy Kinsella (Arsenal), Fullam (Preston), Keiran (Bohemians), Liam Tuohy, player-manager (Newcastle United), Bobby Gilbert (Derry City) and Billy Dixon (Drumcondra) were bought back to Milltown. Others like Courtney, Brady, Leech, Gregg and Lawlor were home grown.

The real reason for Shamrock's success is the Cunningham family. Eire's most famous soccer legislators always provide that there is a pool of talented players available. Over the years they have poured money back into the game. They deserved the success this gamble gave them. Success that astounded many European teams and Manchester United, Chelsea when English League champions, Glasgow Celtic and Everton. Quality is the Cunningham keynote. And the League, International eleven and the Irish soccer public bask in the reflected glory of Shamrock's success.

Although Rovers took back the Shield from Dundalk, the border-club under new manager Tommy Rowe will compete in the Inter Cities Fairs' Cup. By virtue of their cup conquest Rovers will go for the Cup-Winners' competition. "Hoops" defeat of Waterford in the Cup Final was more easily achieved than many thought possible considering the "Blues" high score rate in the long league campaign. However, on the big day they fell flat. Gone was the power play, the clever build up. On field was a team of ragged amateurs well and truly beaten long before the final whistle. But just to prove that their skill and shoot could be retained, Waterford beat Rovers to take the Top Four Independent Cup. It was, however, small revenge.

Cork Celtic, Limerick twice, St. Patricks and Waterford provided Rovers with the stepping stones to their five wins on the trot. Can they do it next year and make it a double hat-trick? Thus beating the old record set up by other Shamrock squads in the 'twenties and 'thirties.

In the five deciders Rovers used a total of 27 players. Medals were distributed as follows: Fullam and Courtney five. John Keogh, who this term moved to Cork Celtic, 'keeper Mick Smyth, replacement for Pat Dunne when the latter moved to Manchester United, and top performer O'Neill have four. Three to Paddy Mulligan, now playing alongside Tom Kelly in America, Ronnie Nolan, assistant boss with Bohemians at Dalymount, and Bobby Gilbert. Two went to Tom Farrell, International Jackie Mooney, one of the game's great goal-poachers, International Tony O'Connell, now running the Dundalk wings, Kerian and new goal-ace Mick Leech. Winners of one medal were Byrne, Noel Dunne, Eddie Bailham, Pat Dunne, Tyrrell, Hayes, Ambrose and Tuohy. The last two are members of the old guard and won medals in earlier finals. Also holding one medal are Tommy Kinsella, Gregg, Brady, Richardson and Lawlor. Young Lawlor is one of the most improved players in the country. A score in every round of the cup competition, he is a son of the well-known Kit Lawlor, who himself won a cup medal with Drumcondra; their victims, Shamrock Rovers.

LEAGUE TABLES

HOLLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Ajax	**34**	**27**	**4**	**3**	**96**	**19**	**58**
Feijenoord	34	25	5	4	84	21	55
Go Ahead	34	17	8	9	65	41	42
ADO	34	15	11	8	53	34	41
Sparta	34	15	10	9	53	33	40
GVAV	34	10	16	8	38	35	36
Xerxes/DHC	34	13	9	12	45	46	35
Twente	34	13	8	13	56	58	34
DWS	34	12	8	14	44	57	32
NEC	34	9	13	12	41	51	31
Telstar	34	11	7	16	43	55	29
Volendam	34	8	13	13	39	56	29
MVV	34	8	12	14	37	50	28
PSV	34	9	9	16	43	54	27
NAC	34	9	8	17	25	56	26
DOS	34	6	13	15	39	64	25
Fortuna 54	34	6	13	15	37	70	25
Sittardia	34	6	7	21	38	76	19

PORTUGAL

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Benfica	**26**	**18**	**5**	**3**	**75**	**19**	**41**
Sporting	26	17	3	6	48	24	37
Porto	26	16	4	6	60	24	36
Academica	26	15	5	6	53	24	35
Setubal	26	14	6	6	43	21	34
Guimaraes	26	12	3	11	30	35	27
Belenenses	26	10	5	11	38	40	25
Leixoes	26	10	4	12	29	39	24
CUF	26	7	7	12	28	37	21
Braga	26	9	3	15	29	48	21
Sanjoanense	26	7	7	12	22	42	21
Varzim	26	7	3	16	27	50	17
Tirsense	26	5	5	16	17	53	15
Barreirense	26	3	4	19	24	52	10

EAST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
C. Zeiss Jena	**26**	**17**	**5**	**4**	**51**	**19**	**39**
Han. Rostock	26	15	4	7	37	27	34
Magdeburg	26	13	7	6	43	38	33
Vorwaerts	26	9	10	7	34	29	28
Loko. Leipzig	26	9	7	10	39	35	25
Karl-Marx St.	26	8	9	9	33	30	25
Sachsenrign	26	11	3	12	36	34	25
Union Berlin	26	9	7	10	26	35	25
Rotweiss Er't	26	8	7	11	34	39	23
Chemie Halle	26	8	7	11	32	41	23
Wismut Aue	26	9	4	13	32	40	22
Ch'mie Leip'g	26	7	7	12	26	32	21
Dyn. Dresden	26	5	11	10	25	33	21
Loko. Stendal	26	7	6	13	26	42	20

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Real Madrid	**30**	**16**	**10**	**4**	**55**	**26**	**42**
Barcelona	30	15	9	6	48	29	39
Las Palmas	30	17	4	9	56	41	38
Valencia	30	13	8	9	52	38	34
Zaragoza	30	13	7	10	43	34	33
At. Madrid	30	12	9	9	38	32	33
At. Bilbao	30	11	10	9	51	28	32
Pontevedra	30	12	7	11	36	42	31
Espanol	30	12	5	13	48	44	29
Malaga	30	9	9	12	29	37	27
Elche	30	11	5	14	30	39	27
Sabadell	30	10	6	14	34	51	26
Cordoba	30	11	3	16	35	57	25
Real Soc'dad	30	9	6	15	38	43	24
Seville	30	6	8	16	31	56	20
Betis	30	8	4	18	30	58	20

ITALY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
AC Milan	**30**	**18**	**10**	**2**	**53**	**24**	**46**
Naples	30	13	11	6	34	24	37
Juventus	30	13	10	7	33	29	36
Fiorentina	30	13	9	8	35	23	35
Inter-Milan	30	13	7	10	46	34	33
Bologna	30	11	11	8	30	23	33
Torino	30	12	8	10	44	31	32
Varese	30	12	8	10	28	27	32
Cagliari	30	12	7	11	44	38	31
Sampdoria	30	6	15	9	27	34	27
Roma	30	7	13	10	25	35	27
Lanerossi	30	8	9	13	22	30	25
Atalanta	30	10	5	15	26	42	25
Spal	30	10	2	18	24	38	22
Brescia	30	8	6	16	20	35	22
Mantova	30	3	11	16	13	37	17

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Anderlecht	**30**	**20**	**6**	**4**	**67**	**24**	**46**
FC Bruges	30	19	7	4	53	21	45
Standard	30	16	8	6	53	31	40
Waregem	30	13	8	9	37	36	34
St. Trond	30	13	6	11	48	41	32
Lierse Sk	30	14	3	13	54	57	31
Beerschot	30	11	7	12	42	38	29
Racing White	30	9	9	12	41	44	27
SC Charleroi	30	11	5	14	33	39	27
FC Liege	30	10	7	13	32	41	27
Daring	30	10	7	13	32	41	27
Beringen	30	11	4	15	42	50	26
Beveren	30	9	7	14	30	42	25
FC Malinois	30	9	5	16	32	41	23
Antwerp	30	6	9	15	23	42	21
Olym. Charl.	30	8	4	18	29	54	20

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Blenheim	Golden Horseshoe	Monument	Town House
Candlelight	Golden Nugget	Nell Gwynne	Trojan
Casino de Paris	Hampstead Theatre	New Manhattan	Tropicana (Croydon)
Charlie Chester's	Knightsbridge Studio	Northwick Park	Tudor
Churchills	Le Reims	100	Vanity Fair
Concorde	Living Room	Raymond Revuebar	Venus Room
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Cromwell Sporting	Madingley	Ronnie Scott	Windmill Saloon
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